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Sion in Distress
OR THE
GROANS
OF THE
Protestant
CHURCH.

Lam. 1. 12. Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?

Ver. 17. Sion spreadeth forth her Arms, and there is none to comfort her.

Ver. 20. Behold, O Lord. I am in DISTRESS

my God
..... Quis talia Fando.

Temperet a lachrimis?.....*Virgil*

The The Third Edition.

BOSTON IN NEW-ENGLAND.

Printed by S. G. for *Thomas Baker* near
the George Tavern 1833.

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Years agoe, ar
ed; so that in
an hundred
City, and
posed, that
Blazing Sta
threescore ye
amongst
which swept
such multitudes
living were ne
but the dead.
Lord cast out the
People, that the
prepared unto our
ment here, The
that we may never,
to the Heathen in Profan
gion, provoke Him to
that done unto them.

4. Such fearful Signs
heaven, are usual Presages
the Nations, and so of
and Desolations which
behold as Prodigies

(Francis Basse
 Francis Basse
 Mary Basse
 Sarah Basse
 John Basse
 1785

Mrs Sarah Basse
 John Basse

Mrs. Basse



To the READER.

YOU are here presented with a *Revis'd Poem*, with such Additions and Enlargements as makes it very different from the First Impression. It is suited to the present State of the *Protestant Church*, shewing the *Causes* of her present *Calamity*, with an Enumeration of some prevailing *Sins*; the *Plots* and *Contrivances* of *W.M.* against *SION* the Marks of the *Antichristian Beast* and *Scarlet Whore*, with her *Arraignment* at *Condemnation*, (illustrated in difficult places with *Marginal Notes*.) Also some probable *Discoveries* of the Churches *Redemption*, and the *approaching Glory* of the *Latter Day*.

We have now a plain Prospect (by the *Gracious Discoveries* of *Providence*) of the *Horrid* & *Execrable Plots*, which the *rebellious Adversary* has contriv'd against the *Peace* and *very Being* of *SION*, and which were much in the dark when our *Muse* first bewail'd its *Condition*, and suspected that this *Epidemical Mischiefe* (now *Reveal'd*) was then a *hatching*.

TO THE READER.

In a Subject of Grief, a quaint and ornamental Method is not to be expected: for an abrupt and ribbing Delivery is more natural in the Delineations of Sorrow, than a studied well poiz'd and artificial Harrangue. The Subject is Divine, and too lofty for so weak a *Muse*; which I hope will oblige the Generous Reader to a candid and mild Construction. I have writ according to the measure of light received, and have contributed my Mite (in well-meaning Spirit) to reduce us to our selves.

Against the *Reigning Evils* which expose us to temporal and Spiritual Enemies, many *wholsome Excerpts* from Scripture and Reason are given.

The *Rise, Progress, and Persecutions* of the *Man of Sin*, are succinctly delivered, with the Evidence of *Approved Historians*, (some of them *Papists*) whose Evidence against *Themselves* ought to be convincing. There can't be too many *Defendants* against so Vigorous an *Assailant* as *Rome* is:

There are many Excellent Tracts that discover the *Evils* of Popery, and I wish they were more common. It is a great comfort that the Spirit of the *Nation* is much (and justly) incensed against it. And that our Parliament is so Thorow and Resolved to cut that *Interest*, whose Principles teach them to be (to all *Hereticks*, for so they call *Protestants*) Treacherous Subjects, ill Neighbours, and worse Sovereigns.

To the READER.

To promote the *just Odium* of my *Native Country* against so *destructive* and *malignant* an *Enemy*, is (in part) the *Design* of this *Essay*; (which being of small bulk and price, may possibly come into more hands than larger Volumes.) If it contributes any thing in order to that End, it answers the Expectation of

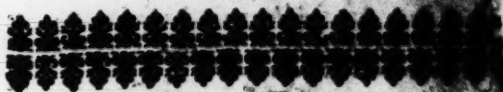
Your Son's VVell-VVish'd

*This Book belongs
to the Bassett family
the Father James Bassett
came to this country
with the Huguenots from
about 1683 or 1684*

To his Friend the Author,
ON THE
First Impression

What Muse is this, that thus inspires thy
Brain,
And leads thy Genius to so high a Strain?
Must thy Aspiring Fancy now rehearse
Thy Mothers Groans in an Elegiack Verse?
Is Prose too mean and unregard'd now,
That sits in Versation let the World know how
ROMES abus'd by Rome's Infernal Crew?
How in her Blood they did their hands imbrew?
Let thy Endeavours prosper: Let them prove
ROMES Shame's shame: A Token of thy Love
To thy distressed Mother, (now the scorn
Of blasphem'd Imps, who are of Satan born.)
Aspiring what from her Sorrows climb
To a Profane Spirit in thy Rhime!
Excelling what she shall deliver'd be
From all these bloody Beasts, whom thou do'st see
God will destroy, and will thy Mother make
Heav'ns Glory, and Earths Joy, for his Names sake:
Iehovah bless thy work this Book, though small,
And make it prove a Preface to ROMES Fall.

Vale
To



To my Friend the
AUTHOR
Upon His
Revived Poem.

Here's Grief in Raptures! who could thus inspire
All Strains of Sorrow? No Aonian Muse
Such Sacred Rhapsodies could e'er inspire
Nor were they borrow'd from Apollo's Quire
No Inspiration from the Thespian Spring
Does teach our Poet in this mode to sing
He sucks no Hippocrene, nor feeds on Helicon
The fancy'd Dew of Pagan Helicon
He mounts no Pegasus, nor gathers
Distill'd by Clio from Parnassian
These are but Whimsies... Some Seraphic Fire
His Muse did with this Mourning Song inspire
Who can but, in the highest Notes of Grief,
Weep Tears in Verse, when SION wants Relief?

Such

as from Art their lofty strains do borrow,
o but describe an Artificial Sorrow:
at his is purely Natural: for we
perceive it comes from perfect Sympathy:
His clear discerning Soul her danger sees
Approaching on by unperceiv'd degrees.
He gives us Warning to prevent the stroke;
To leave our sins, and Mercy to invoke.
Here's a Prophetick Glass, where we may view
The swift Destruction that will (else) ensue.
But Friend, we thank thee that thou hast not left us
Without some hope, nor has thy Book bereft us
Of Consolation; for the SCARLET WHORE
Is there so Sentenc'd, that Shee'l rise no more.

Sion



Sion in Distress:
OR THE
GROANS
OF THE
Protestant Church

071
VVhat dismal Vapour (in so black a form)
Is this, that seems to *Harbinger* a storm?
What pitchy *Cloud* invades our *Starry Sky*,
To stop the Beamings of the Worlds *Groans*?
What spreading *Sables* of *Egyptian Nile*,
Would rob the Earth of its illustrious *Light*?
What interposing *Fog* obscures our *Sun*?
What dire *Eclipse* benights our *Heaven*?
Is *England's* Great and Royal *Banner* *Red*?
Is its *Aurora* newly gone to bed?
That scatter'd *Clouds* make such *prodigious* haste,
Combine in one, and re-unite so fast?
Clouds that so lately *dissipated* were,
Do now conspire to make a *Dark* *Air*

I mourn

Sion in Distress, Or,

mourn *unpitied*, groan without *Relief*!
No *bounds* nor *measures* terminate my grief
The *Sluces* of mine Eyes are too too narrow
To vent the Streams of my increasing Sorrow;
Ebb's follow swelling Floods, and vernal dayes
Adorn the Fields that Winter disarrays.
All States and things have their alternate ranges,
As Providence the Scene of Action changes.
All Revolutions, hurries to and fro,
At length some Rest and Settlement do know.
But helpless I, have often look'd about,
To find some Ease, or Soul-refreshment out;
Yet can I see no prospect of *Relief*,
But *swift Additions* multiply my grief.
As *Pilgrims* wander in their distress
Amongst the wild rapacious *Savages*,
In pathless Desarts, where the midnight howls
Of hungry *Wolves*, mixt with the screech of *Owls*,
And *Ravens* dismal croaks, salute the Ears.
Of *horratick* trembling *Passengers*:
So I'm surrounded, so the *Beasts of Prey*
Conspire to take my *Life* and *Name* away.
My glowing Soul does melt, my Spirits faint;
For want of rest, I'm pregnant with Complaint.
No Age nor Generation but has known
Some part of this my just and grievous moan.
But now I, am far more dangerously charg'd;
By bolder Foes my sorrows are enlarg'd:
A hellish Tribe from black *Avernus* flew,
That *Blood* bound-like, me and my Lambs pursue.

Lord

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Lord JESUS come! O let my Cries invoke
Thy sacred Presence to divert the stroke:
Are all my Friends withdrawn? what is there none
Steps in to ease me of my grievous moan?

SIONS FRIEND.

WHat doleful noise salutes my wondring Ear?
What grief expressing Note is that I hear?
Methinks the Accent of this Dismal Cry,
Bespeaks some one in great extremity.
The Sorrowfulness of the mournful Voice bespeaks
A Womans loud and unregarded shrieks.
The more her deep and piercing sobs I heere,
The more my heart in sympathy does bleed.
Ah! who can find her out? who can make known
The Author of this heart-renting Moan?
Doubtless, though Grief now seizes thus upon her,
She is a Lady of high Birth and Honour;
Of Royal Stem, extracted from above,
Nurs'd in the Chambers of the Fathers;
Espoused to a most Illustrious Prince,
Who over all has just Preheminence,
Adonarch of Monarchs.... Sion! Is she then?
O mourn my Soul! O let my Spirit know
Let all that love the Bridegroom sigh for grief;
For Sion weeps as one past all Relief;
But why, O Sion, since thou art belov'd
Of Heavens Supream, art thou so sadly mov'd?

Sion in Distress: Or,

*Why Arms expanded, thus implore the skies?
Why streaming Rivulets, flow from thine eyes?
This makes me wonder-----*

S I O N.



M*Y* *forlorn Estate*
Is poor unpitied, mean and desolate;
I long have wandred in the *Wildernesse* !
Involv'd in trouble, kept in sore *Distress*,
In *Caves* absconding from the horrid *Rage*
Of *Savage Beasts*, until this later *Age*
I made Attempts to look a little *Out*,
The *Monster* spied me, and does search about;
The Roaring *Blood-hounds*, greedy on the scent,
To kill, or drive me back again, are bent.
No *Interval* of Peace, no rest they give,
Pronounce me *curst* and *not fit to live* :
The *Dragon* fell, combined with the *Beast*
To ruin my sides and spoil my *Interest*.
The *Wolf*, *Lions*, and *Lions whelp*,
With *pitiful Jaws*, the other *Beasts* do help.
Dogs, *gulls*, and *Foxes*, *Bears* and *Wolves* agree
To rend, to tear, and make a spoil of me.
I that have been so delicately bred,
My Children at a *Royal Table* fed;
Am now expos'd to the *Infernal* spite
Of such as do in *Fire* and *Blood* delight.
Plots hatch'd in *Hell* and *Rome* ! that black design
To stab a *Monarch* ; and to undermine,

The Groans of the Protestant Church

Our Ancient Laws, subvert Religion, and
Bow England's Neck to Antichrist's command;
Were but Preludiums to that dismal Urn
(As martyr'd heaps in flaming Smith-field burn)
Design'd for Protestants, and all the Rest
Who hate Rome's Idol, th' Image of the Beast.
I am the Mark the Monsters aim at: All
Their grand designs were to contrive my Fall.
If Friends or others any Favours show,
They straight conspire to work their Overthrow;
Ah vile Conspiracy! Ah cursed PLOT!
So deeply laid! how canst thou be forgot?
Hells grand Intrigues ne'er introduc'd a Brat
Into the World, so horrible as that:
Since Rome the western cheated Monarchs rid,
A Rampant WHORE, the horned Beast besrid,
Disgorging plots, employing hellish Affairs:
May all our Off-spring execrate such Fathers!
Sion forlorn! How very few regard
Thy cries and tears mens hearts are grown so hard
In Restless hurries, tost with every wind,
No ease, no peace, no comfort can I find.
The horrid Aspect of these Monsters do
Affright my Children, some they worry to
On some they seize, like greedy Beasts of prey,
And to their Dens the Sacrifice convey.
Renowned GODFREY! (whose immortal glory,
Martyr'd for me, shall ever live in Story)
Let every Loyal Eye that sees it there,
Yield to his Name the Tribute of a Tear.

Brave

Sion in Distress: Or,

*Brave Soul ! Thy Love and Loyalty do claim
That King and People should proclaim thy Name,
As England's Victim, ne'er to be forgot,
Fast'ning on Rome an everlasting Blot.*

*The Great Jehovah, who is only Wise,
Permits thy Fall as a Sweet Sacrifice,
Thy Barb'rous Murder has made clearly out
That Plot which none but Infidels can doubt,
Those bloody Varlets, black Assassins,
Cors'd Executioners of Rome's Debates,
Drunk with Infernal Cruelty, made Thee
A Specimen of England's Tragedy.*

*By Thee we learn what Courtship to hope
From Romish Butchers, Vassals to the Pope,
Thou led'st the Van, first fell into the Trap,
From whence they say no Protestant shall 'scape.
Pure Innocence trappan'd, amongst them came,
Without suspicion (like a harmless Lamb)
Whilst they, like hungry Tygers, ready stood
To embroe their Talons in thy guiltless Blood.
Thou little thought'st such an Infernal Snare
Had been thus laid to trap Thee unaware !*

*'Tis strange, say some, what Reason shall engage
Them to make Thee the Object of their Rage ?
The cause was thus : The Babylonish Whore,
Big with a Bastard, long'd (as heretofore
For Christian Blood ; her Favourites made haste,
In her great need to help her to a Taste.
Of choicest Liquors this she calls the first,
To cheer her sinking heart, and quench her thirst*

Fear

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Fearing *Miscarriage*, when her Spirits faint,
She drinks the hearts-blood of some *Martyr'd Saint*.
Than *Horse-leech* more insatiable, she cries,
Give, give me that, or nothing will suffice
My Craving Paunch; my pleasure must be done;
This Heretick was a *pragmatick* one;
He! knew my Secret Clubs, and would Reveal
My Tragick Plots: we must prevent his Zeal.
We'l Strangle him, before he gives a glimpse
Of our Designs, or countermines our Imps.

Ah *Brutish Whore!* of Cannibals the worst;
This Bloody Draught has brought an endless curse
On thee; And lasting Calendars we see
Records this Instance of thy Cruelty.
This Loyal Knight ne'er injur'd you, but stood
Discharging Justice for his Countreys Good.
Will nought but Blood of Protestants give ease
Or quench your thirst? what mischievous Disease
Infects your Bowels? Must your Churches Blood
Be flesh of Saints? your Mornings draught, this
Fellonious Strumpet! Must you best bold
To steal by night into your Neighbourhood
Seize on my Lambs? thy Theft and Cruelty,
As well as Murder, shall revenged be.

But since he's gone, and Justice does pursue
With eager Steps th' Assassinating Crew,
We'l acquiesce: for Heaven seems to call
For Tears Cessation at his Funerals.
Let Christians offer, through the Universe,
Whole Hecatombs upon his bleeding Horse:

And

Sion in Distress: Or,

And could their Tears increase into a Flood;
Twere no excess----So much I price his Blood;
But other grounds of Grief are in mine eye,
Which cause my Sorrows to advance so high,
That my o'er burthen'd heart can scarce express
The nature of my inward heaviness,

SION'S FRIEND.

SION, Thy sad and bitter Lamentation
Does move my very soul unto Compassion:
But say, what Cause does aggravate your Fears,
And thus provokes to further Cries and Tears?

S I O N.

That my Head were VVaters, and each Eye
A brim-full Fountain, I could drein 'em dry.
I'm drown'd in Brackish Floods, nay almost drown'd
To see how Sin does ev'ry where abound.
VVhere I am, I nought can see or hear,
But that which doth my Soul in pieces tear.
It breaks my heart that *England* thus should be
A Scene for Actors of Debauchery.
VVhat perpetrations of the blackest Crimes
Appear not bare-fac'd in our present times?
Tho God (incens'd) has fearful Judgements sent;
To humble men, and move them to repent;

Yet

The Growth of the Protestant Church

Yet they proceed in foul Impenitence,
And aggravate their horrid Insolence;
Seeming to bid Defiances to Heaven,
Scorning to take the *Warnings* given.
The sweeping *Plague* (that Messenger of wrath)
In such as 'scap'd, small Reformation hath
Produc'd! Nor has the desolating Fire
(A perfect Token of Gods flaming Ire)
Remov'd the *Cities Pride*; 'twas great before,
And now it seems to multiply much more.
Fantastick *Garbs*, and Antick *Modes* declare
How much from *Pride* their Sou's reformed are;
Though want, though poverty, and loss of Trade
Do many Men and Families invade;
Yet do they vaunt in *pride* and *luxury*,
As if they had vast *Mines* of *Treasures* by.
Some know not what to eat, nor how to go,
Yet on the Poor will no compassion show:
(Whose unregarded Cries, unbedeeded Moans,
Whose unreliev'd *Distress*, unpity'd *Groans*,
Can scarce extort a Mite) such do not grudge
To purchase Hell at dearest Rates, and drudge
To please their brutish lusts, who void of shame
Consume Estates to *wantonize* in Pleasure,
Tumbling in Riot (as proud *Dionis* sat)
VVhilst *Lazarus* lies starving at the Gate.

A Complaint of Oaths

Volleys of *Oaths*, with horrid Blasphemy
And dreadful Cursings, in mine Ears do cry.
Mark but our impious Gallants when they meet,
Observe the mode how they each other greet.

What

Sion in Distress, Or,

What new coin'd oaths, what modish imprecations?
What damning, sinking, horrid imprecations
Do they disgorge? The Serpents fiery hiss,
That belches Sulphur from the black Abyss,
Can scarce out do this Ranting Tribe, who count
The Man Genteel that is most paramount
In wickedness; he that Blasphemes aloud
Christ's blood and wounds, is Courtier alamode.
How can th'abused Earth but gape again,
To swallow quick vile VVretches so prophane!
Can Heavens great Artillery so long
Forbear the Treasons of a mortal Tongue?
Yehovah's Attributes so vilely us'd!
His sacred Essence and his Name abus'd.
Fresh Blasphemies they mint, new Curses frame,
And sins that never had before a Name.
Graduates in Courtship are preferr'd, who made
Most quick proficiencie in a hellish Trade:
Such rant and roar, such revel, domineer,
As if nor God, nor Devil they did fear.
Approaching dangers can't disturb their pleasure
But still they sin untill they fill their measure.
Judgements deferr'd, in evil makes them bold,
Despising such by whom they are controll'd.
As if th'avenging hand their lives did spare,
Thus to provoke him without dread or fear.
But poor Blasphemer, when thou art past by,
'Tis not t'indulge thee in iniquity.
Think'st thou the God of Purity does like
Such ways, because he ygt forbears to strike?

Doſt

The Groans of the Protestant Church,

11

Dost think a gloomy interposing Cloud,
From God's all-searching Eye can be thy shroud ?
Or that because He is inthron'd on high,
Thy Deeds of Darkness He cannot espy ?
Or since his Judgements are so long delay'd,
VVilt thou proceed, and be no whit afraid ?
VVilt thou His Patience without end abuse,
Slight true Repentance, and His Grace refuse ?
If so, thy Judgement hastens --- For a Rod
VVill quickly reach thee from an angry God,
Because of Oaths the Land does greatly mourn,
For which my Soul much inward grief has born,

A Complaint of Drunkenness.

Dost thou not see how filthy *Drunkenness*
Does reign in City, and in Villages ?
Some reel and wallow in the Street like Swine,
VVhilst others boast their strength in drinking wine ?
Although to such, God doth denounce a Curse,
They mind it not, but still grow worse and worse,
Dread not Examples of Gods wrath at all,
Nor what to Drunkards does so oft befall :
Altho Gods VVord has dreadful warnings given,
That Drunkards never shall inherit Heaven,
But that their Lot shall wisd damn'd Spirits be,
In Chains of Darkness to Eternity.
They drink, carouse, and waste their jolly breath,
Upon the brink of *Everlasting Death*.
VVhat're ensues, they are resolv'd they will
Carouse full Goblets, and be filthy still.
Thun Men by Pride, by Oaths, by *Worldliness*,
By daily swallowing Liquor to excess,

Psalm

Sin in Distress: Or,

Defile the Land, and do the Lord provoke;
To cause his Vengeance on the Land to smoke.
Sin sets the door wide open, and makes way
For all the sorrows of th'approaching day,
These are in part the cause of *Englands* wo,
And will if (Grace prevents not) it undo:
But there are other hainous Sins behind,
Which pierce my Bowels, and perplex my Mind.

A Complaint of VVhoredome, Adultery, &c.

Did filthy Lust and VVhoredome ever rage
With more excess then in the present Age?
Abominations of so vile a Name,
That their bare mention is indeed a shame.
What Sin more hateful in *Jehovah's* Eye,
Then this of VVhoredome and Adultery?
'Tis rank'd as Chief and marches in the Van
Of all the gross Debaucheries of Man,
In those black Muster-Rolls God does record
Of grand offences in his holy Word.
What more affronts the *Second Table*? or,
Provokes the Lord? No fitter Metaphor
Could be produc'd t'express *Idolatry*,
Then that abhorred Name, *Adultery*.
Besides the terrors of Gods fiery wrath,
VWhich judges such to everlasting Death:
On Earth, amongst all sober men, they gain
So vile a blot, so infamous a stain,
As all the waters in the Sea can never
Wipe off, nor can it be forgot for ever.
But O what dismal Consequences wait
For speedy entrance at the wretches gate!

For

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

For lewd Embraces of lascivious Dames,
Will rot their bones, breed cankers in their names;
Beget consumption in Estate and Purse,
Produce Destruction, and a certain Curse
The common ends that such arrive unto,
Are foul Diseases, Beggery and Wo.
They'r sottish Fools (sayes wise Demosthenes)
That buy Repentance at such Rates as these :
That Sin, to please an Enemy, that strives
To damn their Souls, and rob them of their lives.
God in his Sacred * Ordinances hath *Leuit.*
Appointed such to an immediate death. *20. 10.*
Would men but judge it as their greatest Voe,
They'd never love, nor hug it as they do,
Each Sex is bad, but Women seem to be
The very Brokers of Immodesty;
Which makes that passage to be born in mind,
A wise and vertuous Woman who can find?
Your City Dames, and Ladies are on fire
With wanton passion, and unchaste desire;
Providing Meats on purpose to inflame
Their pamper'd Gallants to their wonted shame
Bare Breasts, and naked Necks, a Harlots Dress,
Are strong Temptations unto Wickedness.
All other sins (th'Apostle does declare)
Which Men commit without the body are,
But this abominable Act alone,
Against his body by a Man is done.
Marriage to all, the Unclefed bed,
Is Honourable; he that will, may well:

Sion in Distress: Or,

*But Whoremongers God judges, and they shall
Be cast into the Lake, both great and small,
The Wiseman calls th, Adulterer, A fool;
And well he may, for he destroys his Soul.
No Sots like them, for branded still they show
The marks of Folly, wherefoe're they go.
O how th'unclean and bruitish man exceeds
Inferiour Sinners in reproachful Deeds!*

*My Grievances are many, and my Fear
Is more then my distressed Soul can bear:
My parting Breast and aking Heart is sad;
To think of what I further have to add.*

A Complaint of Atheism.

*But O amazing master piece of wonder!
That's like to rend my very heart asunder,
When I consider that an age of Light
Produces Monsters blacker then the Night:
A Cursed Tribe of wretched Atheists dare,
Without all Dread and Reverential Fear,
Strike at the Essence of the Great Jehovah.
And all the Glories that reside above.
As if meer Fancies of a cloudy brain,
And all Religion and Intrigue of Man:
That dare pronounce all Evangelick Law.
A Trick of State to keep the World in awe.
Creating Wols in their Brains; that even
Make mocks of Hell, and a meer scorn of Heaven;
But can such Fancies challenge an abode
Within your hearts, to Disbelieve a GOD?
On th'Universal Fabrick cast an eye,
The Sea, the Earth, and expanded Sky:*

12
The Groans of the Protestant Church:

Can so Sublime Illustrious an Effect
Be form'd without a glorious Architect?
If Reason be your Rule, true Logicks Laws
Pronounce Effects resulting from a cause,
VVhose Order leads us to Infinity,
Sure Arguments of a Divinity.
Created Things must a Creator have;
And that Begetter who first being gave
To Essences produc'd, can't be begot;
He's therefore GOD, and other else is not:
This *Causa prima*, without time or date,
Is he that did all Entity create.
The first could not himself create; so he
Must have his Essence from Eternity.
VVho can make *Phaëbus* his swift course Reverse?
Or ballance in his Palm the Universe?
VVho can the Ocean in a Sieve confine?
If none can do't, then none can GOD define:
First Principles are beyond Definition;
No Logick reaches at so high a Vision:
'Tis unreveal'd to Reason, for no strain
Of lofty Metaphysicks can contain
Those Mysteries; true wisdom therefore hath
Commanded Reason to give room to Faith.
If what we see had not a first Creator,
Then 'tis its own immediate operator;
If so, it acts before it had a being:
But such conclusions are too disagreeing
VVith Reasons Maxims; For all things that are
May say they are their own Divinity.

If each can make it self, and that which can
 Create it self, can so it self sustain
In Infinitum, and will ne'er dissolve
 Its self, for Natures principal Resolve
 Is, That no Essence will forbear to be,
 If it can keep up its own Entity.
 The strain of Atheistick Sophistry
 Makes all of equal Independency,
 Without Subordination: 'Tis a Theam,
 Without Inferior, making all Supream.
FIRST CAUSE supposes *Time* & *Time* supposes
 Some *second Acts*, which *After-time* discloses.
 So view their Series, you may trace them all
 (As Links in Chains) to their Original,
 The great JEHOVAH, whose unfathom'd Glory
 Is Emblem'd in the Universe before ye.

There is a thing in Man call'd **CONSCIENCE**
 Which of his Actions gives clear Evidence,
 Whether he likes or not: that's ready still
 To check the Course of his Disorder'd will:
 It is Eccentrick to his Sensual part,
 Arraigns his words, his deeds, his very heart;
 And if it finds they be irregular,
 It does pursue them with continual war.
 What can this Just, this Inward witness be,
 But some bright Beam of a Divinity?
 In former times was not *Jehovah* known
 By Miracles which visibly were shown?
 Can Reason brag that Causes Natural
 Could raise the Dead? or that a word can call

13

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

An Intomb'd Carcass to behold the light?
Make sound a Cripple? give the blind their sight?
If not, then surely it will follow hence,
That 'tis an Act of some Omnipotence
That such were done we have the Common Vote,
Of Pagans, Jews, and all the Men of Note,
Whose works are extant, whom we may believe,
Because they had no Int'rest to deceive. (hear,
Whence come those Judgements which you daily
Of VVrath and Vengeance darted every where
Against Profaners of that Sacred Name?
VVhence come those Arrows, that consuming flame
VVhich terrifies the world? & whence the breath
That strikes Blasphemers with a sudden Death?
VVhich of these rare Philosophers can show
VVhat makes the Spacious Deep to ebb and flow?
Let them produce their Maxims, if they can,
How scatter'd Atomes can compose a Man?
VVho brandishes those blazing Signs of wonder?
VVho frights the Earth with rapid Peals of Thunder?
VVho did defeat the Fatal Enterprises
VVhich Rome, by Devils counsel'd, did devise?
VVho sets the Comet in the Angry sky?
Those dismal Harbingers of misery?
God does him self by many VVays make known;
Forewarning Men of what's a coming on:
Yet Senseless Mortals fault'ring more and more,
Though hovering Vengeance threaten at the Door
Deceit, Soul killing Errors, Perjury,
Injustice, Murder, Theft, Hypocrisies.

Do so abound through our enlightned Isle;
That Sodom hardly e'er appear'd more vile.

A Complaint against Hypocrites.

I am not only persecuted by
My *Open Foes*, but *Lurking Snakes* do lie
Within my Bosom, using all their Art
To seize my Vitals, and corrode my Heart:
Such *seeming Friends*, such *Traytors* in disguise;
Are more malignant then *known Enemies*:
For the *Attaques* of *These*, a man may ward;
Those, unsuspected, stand within our Guard.
How many seem to reverence my Name
For worldly ends, or to avoid the shame
Of Irreligion? frequently they go
To worship God, and so devout do show,
As if *meer Saints*; but, *Hypocrites* in grain,
Do all the while Intelligence maintain
With my declared Foes, who proudly joyn,
And all their *Politicks* in one combine,
To root my Name from off the very earth,
And make provision that no more get Birth:
Betray'd by *middle*, and by *low degrees*,
But most of all by *Capital Grandees*.
Such as my Peace and Safety should procure,
Contribute most to make me unsecure:
Such seem their *purpose* by *soft words* to smother;
So *Beasts* men look one way, but row another.
Such perjur'd Statesmen have the Art to *smile*
Upon my *Face*, but cut my *throat* the while.

But

The Groans of the Protestant Church:

*But grant, Dread Sovereign of the Universe,
That whilst I weep my grievances in Verse,
Thy Sion's Interest may not be betray'd
To Rome, by Protestants in Masquerade.
O let me hear the joyful Trumpet sounded,
That does proclaim their Babylon confounded;*

*Rome's black Militia is all up in Arms,
Annoying Europe in unusual Swarms.
This critick moment they expect and hope
To thrust *Me* out, and introduce a Pope;
To plague this Noble Nation, that has been
A Wall, a Fort, a Counterscarp between
Their bauling Canon's most impetuous shots,
And forraign Saints, that countermines their *Plots*.
The desp'rate Archers are aware of this,
They know that *England* the chief Bulwark is,
To check their growth: if they could make it sup
Th'invenom'd dregs of th'antichristian cup,
They judge it easie to subdue the rest
Of my *European* Gospel interest.*

*But O my melting Soul tormenting Fears!
Burst into Sighs, and bubble into Tears!
Observe the Heavens! view that dreadful Mark
Of flaming vengeance, that precedes the dark
Approach of night! can this vast *Comet* be
Ought but the Prologue of Calamity?
Prodigious Meteors, blazing fiery Stars,
Are Heralds sent to menace open Wars
Against rebellious and polluted Coasts,
By Him who is the mighty Lord of Hosts.*

Away!

Awake O England! this *Lethargick Sleep*
 Is out of *season*, 'tis a time to weep;
 If guilty *Children* tremble at the *Rod*,
 Can you be *stupid* when the *Angry God*
 Sets up this dreadful *Ensign* of his wrath?
 Rouse up *Repentance*, let a lively Faith
 Now go to work; See how the *Preaching Air*
 Instead of *Sinning*, does exhort to Prayer;
 For thy *Fantastick Garbs*, *Perfumes* and all
 Thy other *Traff*, it doth for *Sack-cloth* call:
 From *Carnal spirits* it bids thee quickly get,
 Calls from the *Taverns* to the *Mercy seat*.
 From that accursed *Rendezvonne* of Luit
 It bids thee hasten, and repent in Dust.
 Have not th' *Experience* of past Ages given
 Their sad *Remarks* upon those Signs in Heaven?
 What follow'd still, but certain Spoil of Nations?
Plagues, *Fire* and *Sword*, and other *Devastations*?
 The sure *Everfion* of some *Potent Crown*;
 The *Death* of *Heroes*, *Monarchs* tumbled down.
 But thou *Illustrious Architect* of *Wonders*,
 Remove the *Sorrows* which I labour under.
 Does this *Amazing Prodigy* betoken
 That *Rampant Babel* shall be quickly broken?
 Does it portend that *Antichrist* shall break
 In pieces, striving to destroy the weak
 Remains that on this blessed Name do Call?
 Or dost *presage*, that (trembling) I shall fall?
 Lord, canst thou see thy pleasant *Vin-yard* *Tore*,
 And rooted up, by this *rapacious Boar*?

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Or have my *Childrens* crying Sins provok'd
That dismal Sentence, not to be revok'd?
(Gods Methods were to chasten, not destroy
Those sinning Souls in whom he once took joy)
O give thy sinking Church a true discerning
What thou dost mean by this *prodigious* warning;
That by thy Spirits sacred Flame calcin'd,
By Scourges mended, and by heat refin'd
We may find Grace. But oh! My Spirits faint
Under the Pressure of my great Complaint!
My panting Soul another grief doth feel,
My feeble Knees beneath their burden Reel;

SION's Children.

AH Mother! who can disallow your mean t
The Cause is just, for every one must own
Our failings great, and that our sins provoke
Impending Judgements, and a future stroke,
If interceeding Mercy steps not in
To ward the blow, and cancel out our sin,
But since unthought-of Providence gives light;
And calls the Sun to see the Acts of Night;
Since Heav'n exposes the Results of Rome,
To Publick Notice; since the Traitors come
To Legal Execution; since the grand
Contrivers of this Mischief dare not stand
To test of Law, or due Examination;
Since such brave Herocs represent the Nation;

*whose clear sagacious penetrating Eyes
 Dive into Rome's abhorred Mysteries;
 whose Noble souls, whose Loyal English Hearts;
 The closest flights of Antichristian Arts
 Can ne'er deceive; whose brave Resolves defeat
 Those curs'd Delinquents, whether small or great;
 whose free-born Courages do scorn to stoop
 To be the Vassals of a Rascal-Pope,
 An Upstart Imp, whose title ne'er was given
 By binding Laws of either Earth or Heaven,
 we therefore address Mother, do conclude,
 That what has past of Romish Interlude,
 Is near an Exit; that the Scene will be
 Chang'd from a Tempest to Serenity.*

S I O N.

O That's a Cordial! But my grief does borrow
 Some fresh *Objections* to renew my sorrow:
 For some that wish me well, do yet, in spite
 Of Gospel Beamings, and the clearest Light,
 Retain some *Romish Fragments*, which displeases
 The meek, the humble, self-denying JESUS.
 His way of Worship, Scripture does express;
 No useless Pomp, no Artificial Dress
 Becomes Religion; Chastity abhors
 The Garb, the Painting, and the Gate of Whores.
 Why should my Friends a Virgin-Church pollute
 With any Relicks of that Prostitute?

Why

Why Gawdy things, that never had a Name
In sacred Records, our Profession shame?
Why are our *Rites* enamel'd with their *Gloss*?
Why must our *Gold* be mingled with their *Dross*?
Why farther *Reformation* is suppress'd,
T'uphold a *Grandeur* that's *Usurp'd* at best?
Why *Doors* and *Windows* must be shut up quite,
To stop the Radiance of a further Light?
And why must such as disallow these Tricks,
Be branded as the vilest *Schismaticks*?

But that's not all: My Children more refin'd
From those Corruptions, do afflict my mind.
O depths of Sorrow that disturb my rest!
O racking Grief that rends my woful breast!
Some are so Carnal; some so swiftly hurl'd
Into the Labrinths of th'inticing World,
That in the hurries of that crouded Road,
They find small leasure to attend their God;
Preferring filthy Gain, and ill-got Wealth,
Before the means of their Eternal Health.
Some that in words respect me, I behold
In that sad posture, betwixt hot and cold.
Sometimes they seem for Sanctity; sometimes
Slide with the current of prevailing Crimes:
Their Pulses beat with an alternate Motion;
Now for the *World*, then for some saint *Devotion*.
Some that unto my Tabernacles were
Admitted, lest me for *Egyptian Fare*:
These not content with my Cœlestial Diet,
Do run with others to excess of Riot,

Some

Some to be popular, away would give
 Those Gospel-duties that are positive:
 From such as these, my Sorrows do increase;
 That sell Gods Order for a seeming Peace;
 Such open Gaps that do pervert the Laws
 Of my just Right, and well defended Cause.
 But O! how many easie Christians take
 Their Rest in Forms, and no distinction make
 Twixt Shell and Kernel, that rely on Duty
 As if it were the sole adorning Beauty?
 Such give the Lord the more invalid part,
 Present their body, but deny their heart.

Are not some Pastors careless to provide
 A Word in season, for the Flocks they guide?
 Some are too backward to supply the need
 Of painful Lab'rs, that their souls do feed:
 Discourag'd by close filed Avarice,
 Despis'd, neglected, through this Hellish Vice.
 My Workmen Languish, and have cause of moan;
 To see their toyl so ineffectual grown.
 The most Pathetick Preaching scarce can move
 Some Rocky Hearers to the Grace of Love.
 Must Hag-fac'd Envy, and foul-tongu'd Detraction,
 Invenom'd Malice, and unfaithful Action,
 Ill-grounded Slander, and uncertain Rumors,
 Back-biting Quarrels, and the worst of Humors
 Be practic'd thus? Ah grief of griefs to see
 Professing People act iniquity (Wives
 To such a Pitch!— Some Husbands and some
 Do lead such shameful, such unfavoury Lives,
 While

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Whilst mutually at strife, they do impeach
That Name that should be very dear to each :
Such Pride, such surly, dogged *reprehension*
For every *boy*, such sharpness and contention,
As does disgrace *Religion*, and does lay
Blocks and Offences in a *Converts* Way.

Ah ! why can't Saints in Families eschew
That which meer *Heathens* are ashamed to do ?
Their Houses are the Scene of *Civil Wars*,
Of Brawls, of Discord, and *Domestick Fars*.
In grace or comfort can they find increase,
Or *Heavenly Blessings*, who are void of Peace ?

How oft do *Parents* ill Example draw
Their tender Children to infringe the Law
And Sanctions of the everlasting God :
Do they not spoil them when they spare the Rod ?
To strict Extreams some Parents do adhere,
Check not at all, or else are too severe :
On *Back* and *Belly* they bestow much cost,
But care not if their precious Souls be lost :
Are they not guilty of Prodigious Folly
That teach them *Courtship*, & neglect what's *holy* ?
A Child untutor'd, (a meer lump of sin,)
May justly curse its cause of having been.
Such as instruct, do doubly them beget,
By timely Lessons lab'ring to defeat
Their growth in ill ; such mold their better parts
By wise prevention of a Canker'd heart.
O ! then's the time to give 'em Form and Mould
For Trees admit no bending that are old.

Who timely sow such seed they would have grow,
 Will surely reap according as they sow.
 Some like the Ape, that does by hugging kill,
 Prompt on a Child to tip his tongue with ill
 In his first prattle: But it is less pain
 To form good Habits, then reform the vain.

On th'other hard, how many Children do
 Prove vain, rebellious, disobedient to
 Their godly *Parents*? Slight their careful teaching
 Makes Games of Prayer, and a mock of Preaching.
 Contempt of Parents, of what kind so e'er,
 Contracts a bitter Curse, which every where
 Will find them out. But O my aking Soul
 Beats sad Alarms of Grief! I must condole
 The dismal Fate of Youth! Alas how few
 The ways of God and Holiness pursue!
 But very eager to obey the Devil,
 In quickly learning every reigning Evil.
 Here you may see, if you survey the Nation,
 Our Youth grown old in vile abomination:
 Such early Graduates in the Hellish Science,
 Setting both Heaven and Hell at loud defiance.
 Let Grace and Vertue grovel in the Dust,
 Their Youth and Strength they'l sacrifice to Lust,
 That sacred Precept in the Word of Truth,
To mind their Maker in the days of Youth,
 They scorn to heed: Ah fools! that would begin
 Conversion, when they can no longer sin.
 But know, preposterous Sots, the day of Doom
 (That dreadful Audit of Accounts) will come:

How

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

How dare you run this vile *Carrier*, till *Death*,
Like a *Grim Serjeant*, comest' arrest your breath,
When *Tongues* do falter, & your *Eye-strings* crack
When stings of *Horror* do your *Conscience* rack,
When *Hells Abyss* sets ope its spacious *Gate*,
And *Troops of Devils* round about you wait,
When nought but *Horror* and *Confusion* seizes,
Upon your Sences, when those foul *Diseases*
You got by vile *Debauches*, have at length
Destroy'd your *Person*, and subdu'd your *Strength*;
Is this a season to detest your *Lewdness*,
To talk of *Vertue*, or pretend to goodness?
Egregious Fools! how dare you to delay
Your *Souls* affair to that *uncertain day*!
O! Can you trust so grand a work to that
Moment of *Arguish*? when you know not what
(When *Sound*) your end will be, nor yet how soon
Though brisk at *Morning*, you may die ere *Noon*!
And if unchang'd, your certain doom will be
To lye in *Hell* to all *Eternity*.

SION'S Children,

O *Dismal State*! O *miserable Case*!
Enough to daunt all that are void of *Grace*!
And crush the bragging of the stoutest *wind*!
But are there still more *grievances* behind?

Sion in Distress: Or,

S I O N.

S*Till more behind? O that there were no more?*
Since they'r too many that I've told before:
Masters and Servants, Kings and Subjects err
In their *Relation*: does not each prefer
Base, selfish Ends to gratifie a *Lust*,
Before what's honest, and supremely Just?
Ah? how much time, among the Saints, is spent
In fruitless, idle *Talk*? how negligent
In *Conference*! strange to each other;
How dull is each to quicken up his Brother
In *Gospel-duties*: O! how few do nourish
That *Love* and *Zeal* which heretofore did flourish;
A *Love* whose flaming Heat and gen'rous Rays
(Replete with Spirit) fam'd the former days.
Pious Discourses may reclaim the Vile;
But they are hard'n'd in their sins the while
Saints do converse like them, and rather learn
Their vicious Tricks, then teach them to discern
The dismal snares and perils that do lurk
In sinful Words, and every evil work.
Some are so covetous, that they would grasp
The World in *Arm falls*, till their latest Gasps.
Some full of *Envy*: others do express
Their *Lust* on Dainties, feeding to excess:
So nice and delicate, in choice of Meat,
Whilst their poor *Brethren* scarce have bread to eat.
Mer-

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Merchants and Traders have a nimble Art
To sum their *Shop books*, but neglect the Heart;
For that they think there's time enough, and look
But seldom to the Reck'nings of that Book.
How many come for *Fashion sake* to hear?
(What one receives, goes out at t'other Ear)
How many *loiter* in their *Christian Race*,
Profusely squandering the day of Grace?
Many like *Drones*, on others *Toyl* do live,
Though 'tis less honour to receive than give.
What *Lying, Cheating, Cona'ning* and *Deceit*?
Do Traders use? O! how they over-rate
What they would sell? but if they be to buy,
They undervalue each *Commodity*.
But why should *Pride*, that vile *Abomination*,
Be found in saints? must every *Apish* fashion
Bewitch their minds, when God is so Express
In strict forbidding of so vile a Dress?

Prayer, that sacred *Ordinance*, that holds
An intercourse with Heaven, which beholds
The Fathers' Glory, and on high does mount,
Is made by many but of small account;
'Tis that that carries our desires to God,
And comes down fraughted with a blessed Load
Of sweet Returns; yet 'tis much disrespected,
And *Closet-duty* too too much neglected.
Scriptures themselves are slighted and disus'd,
And oft, when read, perverted or abus'd:
Helping the Weak, is turn'd into a slighting;
Gospel Reproofs perverted to back biting.

Many that do of God their *Mercy* crave,
 Yet on the *Needy* little *Mercy* have;
 All owe their *Blissings* to the God of Love,
 Yet too too many do unthank'ul prove.

Some follow *Whimsies* that do nearly border
 On *Confusion*; and despise all *Order*:

Such on all *Sacred Institutions* trample,
 (Though fortify'd by *Precept* and *Example*)

As if 'twere low for an exalted mind

To be, to *God's* declared *Will*, confin'd;

But can these Men of *Rapture* make pretence

That they have more *divine Intelligence*

Than all th'illustrious Saints, as *Prophets, Priests,*
Apostles, Martyrs, and Evangelists,

That were the *Scribes* and *Messengers of Heaven*;

And strictly practis'd all the *Duties* given

Unto the Church, which are without *Repleal*?

But if they'r *disannul'd*, who did reveal

Their *Abrogation* to these bold *Pretenders*?

God's *Laws* are sound, and need no *Colling-masters*;

But Oh! that *dismal Evil* that's behind

Disturbs my *Reason*, and distracts my mind!

It is *DIVISION*, that unhappy word

Has done more mischief than a *Popish sword*

Could ever do, if that a sweet *Communion*

(At least of *Love*) did but compleat our *Union*?

VVhy shoul *Licentious* beat, my *Children* hurry

To those *Extreams*? must they each other worry

For trivial things? do they not all agree

In *Fundamentals* of *Divinity*?

Is there no room for Love? or must that Grace
Among my *Children*, have no proper place?
Why must one *Saint* be angry with his *Brother*
If not so tall as he? or with another,
Because his *Face* is not so white as his?
Or that his *Habit* not so gawdy is?
Alas! no *Folly* can be more absurd,
Nor more exploded in Gods *Holy Word*.
All should to *Gospel-purity* adhere;
But to calumniate, vilifie and jeer
All such as are not of their very pitch;
Is *Anti-Gospel*, and a practice which
The Lord abhors: If causes of dissent
Evert not Truth, and shake the Fundament
Of true *Religion*, why such angry brawling?
Such odious *Nick-names*? and such vile *Miscalling*?
VWho dares intrude into the Judgement-Seat
Of God Almighty? who is only Great,
And only *Judgement* gives; to him belongs
To pass the Sentence, and to punish wrongs.
VWhy cannot *Christians* with each other bear?
Among *Apostles* some dissenters were,
But did they therefore persecute each other?
These Mortal *Conflicts*, Brother against Brothers
Destroys our safety, for they set a Gap
Open for *Rome*, that would us all intrap
In Fatal Snares: their Maxim is, we know,
Divide and Rule; Distract and Overthrow.
Their Crafty Agents do creep in among
Our heedless *Pargies*, and divide the throng,

Sion in Distress: Or,

That with more Ease they may us all devour,
Destroy our *Nation*, and subvert our power.
Why therefore do not *Protestants* agree
As *One* against the common *Enemy*?
Who waits with bloody hand, t'involve 'em all,
In one *Destruction Epidemical*.

SION's Children.

A *H Mother: who can remedy your grief?*
For this Disease admits of no Relief.

S I O N.

O *f no Relief? O then my heart must break!*
Unless my *Sons*, their *Mothers* counsel take;
Which will those fatal flaming heats allay,
Obstruct their *Growth*, and take 'em clear away.
O can a *Mothers Tears* and woful *Cry*
Be dis-regarded in her *Childrens Eyes*?
Can *English Protestants*, who do profess
To serve one *God* in *Truth* and *Holiness*,
Slight all my *wisdoms*, and *Requests* despise?
O! Harken to my *Counsel*, and be wise.
Let wrathful *Pride*, and foolish self-conceit
Let *Quibbles* and *sophistical Decies*
Be quite exploded? let a cool debate
All *Fundamentals* of *Religion* state;

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

In such you all, will certainly agree;
(O happy Model of sweet Unity:)
Let none that to those Principles do stick,
Be branded with the Name of Heretick;
It glads my heart to hear 'em call each other
By that sweet Title of a Christian Brother.

Next if you would not Charity explode,
Abuse the guiltless, and affront your God,
Judge not your Brethren at a distance, neither
Give easie credit to the Tales of either
Hot-headed Scriblers, or licentious Tongues,
That often load the innocent with wrongs:
So hellish Monks did serve Waldensian Saints.
With horrid Clamour, and unjust complaints;
So Popish Impudence spews out its Gall
To make us odious, and bespatter all
The Reformation; sure that cause is bad
Whose chief support from Railing must be had;
If giddy rumor, or uncertain fame
Should raise a slander on your Brothers Name,
Repair to him, and in converse you'll see
Whether he guilty, or not guilty be:
If he be faulty, tell him of his sin;
Be mild and secret, and you may him win.
Admonish gently, let your whole Discourse
Be full of favour, love, and Scripture force.
This is the way to bring him to a sense,
And Gods prescribed Method to converse;
But if you fail, then leave him to his God,
Who can reform, or punish with a Rod.

Yours

Your work is done, you have discharg'd the part
 Of *Friend* or *Brother*, of a *Christian heart*.
 Before *Belief*, examine what is vented,
 Good Men by *Malice* may be represented
 In *Monstrous Shapes*: Some that to God are dear,
 Hatred will paint like a misshapen Bear;
 Believe not therefore distant imputation?
 No Censure's Just, before *Examination*.

In all *Debates* be sure to lay aside
 All prejudice, and let the *Scriptures* guid.
 Your calm, *senate Disputes*, let *Truth* be scann'd
 With cool Resolves: O! let that great *command*
 Of Love take place! for that should moderate
 All eager *Sallies* in a warm *Debate*.
 Who loses *Error*, truly gains the Field;
 And he is *Victor*, that to *Truth* does yield.
 Where e're you find it, though in mean array,
 Subscribe, and win the glory of the Day.
 O! what's the World, but *Shackles* to the Mind?
 What's Reputation, but a fleeting Wind?
 Why should those *Bawbles* which the Lord abhors,
 Become the *Sacred Truths* Competitors?
 Away with all such Rubs, let *Truth* take place;
 And then the Springs of *Everlasting Grace*
 Will drop down *Blessings*, *Unity* increase,
 Among my *Children*, as the fruits of Peace.

SION'S Children.

Our Common Danger, and the Real Sence
 (which we have got by dear Experience)
 Of those Advantages, our Cruel Foe
 Gets by our Factions, will unite us so,
 As that our Enemies shall ne'er prevail
 To break our League, or make our courage fail:
 But tell, dear Mother, has some new affright
 So dis-compos'd you, that you fear our Light
 Is near Extinction? tell your Sons, we pray,
 What are the Symptoms of th'expiring Day.
 Why do you judge, that England's Day of Grace
 Draws to an Evening, and declines apace?
 Shew some Prognosticks of that dismal Night,
 That threatens to succeed our Gospel-Light.

S I O N.

When Sol once touches our Meridian Line,
 It straight descends, does by degrees de-
 cline;
 Its heat grows less, its disappearing Light
 Yields to the Sable of approaching night:
 Just so the Gospel in its Altitude,
 Once shot such Beams, that in this Isle ensu'd
 So great Conversion, that those former days
 Did feel its blest and universal Rays.

A general Heat did warm this happy *Nation*,
 From its benign and pow'rful *Operation*:
 But now it falls! and from our *Horizon*
 Its vig'rous influence is almost gone.
 Thousands of *Sermons* lately have been *Preacht*,
 But very few (if any) sinners reacht:
 How ineffectual is the quick'ning word?
 It shines, but warms not; its but like a *Sword*
 That's fair to sight, but has no *Edge* at all;
 Few prick'd at heart, and scarce do any fall
 At *Jesus* feet, or have a sence of *Sin*,
 Confessing how rebellious they have been:
 It is a dismal and apparent sign
 That night comes on, when *Phabus* does decline,
 When heat and fervour fail, our *Hemisphere*
 Will quickly see its *Glory* disappear.
 The *Ev'ning* of the nat'ral *Day* is come,
 When *Harvest-work-men* are repairing home:
 So when quick *Summons* of *Omnipotence*,
 Removes the *Dressers* of this *Vineyard* hence;
 We may conclude the *Gospel-morning* past,
 Because *Gods* *Servants* disappear so fast,
 Can I, when *Gap-defenders* fall asleep,
 But like old *Is'rl*, for my *Prophets* weep?
 How can the naked and unguarded *Flock*,
 Sustain the brunt of an invading *Shock*?
 When of its *Shepherds* it is thus bereft,
 When scarce a *Moses* or a *Joshua's* left,
 How many active *Guides*, most dearly lov'd
 By Me, have been in little time remov'd;

Scarce

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The Groans of the Protestant Church

Scarce can I dry mine Eyes for loss of one,
But News arrives of many others gone:
If that my Head were waters, and each Eye
A well of Tears, I could distil e'm dry.
Bright Lamps extinguish't; and no other Lights
Appear to chase the horror of our Nights!
Shook by concussions of my Foes I stand,
VVhilst few are rais'd to hold my trembling hand.
If thus my *Horsemen*, and *Commanders* dye,
VVhat will become of the poor *Infantry*?
VVho can support the burden of the Day,
VVhen such brave *Hero's* daily drop away?
Is Summer past, or is the Harvest done?
That such presages of a Storm come on!
Sure God (as *Monarchs* do) intendeth wars,
VVhen he recalls his choice *Ambassadors*.
Ah too licentious VVorld! come, look about,
Before the Lord, the bloody *Flag* puts out;
VVhen God from *Sodom*, righteous *Lot* did call,
Sulphureous Flashes did consume them all.

Another ground of my prevailing fear
That *Englands* black *Catastrophe* is near,
Is that, as in the closure of the Day,
The Evening *Wolves* do range abroad to Prey:
So *Romish Beasts* in monstrous Swarms do peep
From their black *Caverns*, to destroy my sheep:
Such hate the tell tale-light, and therefore hide
Themselves in *Dens*, untill the *Ev'ning tide*.
Their cursed prowl's are resolves of Night,
Like silent Currs, that in the dark do bite.

Another

Another *symptom* of the days declension,
 Is when the *shadows* do increase dimension :
 So when I look about, I plainly see
 Our Ev'ning shadows very long to be.
 In *Human Bodies* when the Head grows hoary,
 It notes decay of Vigor, Strength and Glory.
 Gray hairs are thick upon our *Ephraim's* Head;
 His strength decays, his Face is withered.
 When joynts grow *palsy'd*, & the Blood's congeal'd
 Into a *Jelly*, can the Man be heal'd ?
 VVhen Limbs grow stiff, and feeble *Age* does plow
 Its wrinkled Furrows on the Patients brow ;
 VVhen heat gives place to a benumbing cold,
 VVhen doting Fancy cares not to be told
 Of its approaches to a certain *Grave*;
 VVhen it rejects the Phisick that would save,
 The case is desperate, for the *Patient's* just
 Upon the Point to be intomb'd in Dust :
 E'en so (*Alas !*) this Gasping Nation lies
 Under the pressure of sad *Maladies* :
 'Tis sick at heart, yet seems averse to take
 That sacred *Physick*, whose *Ingredients* make
 Diseases Vanish, and would ward the blow
 VVhich will (I fear) produce its overthrow ;
 Ah ! must our *Glory* (like a brittle Glass
 Reduc'd to *Fractions*) into *Atomes* pass :
 So Rude a *Chaos* ? an unform'd confusion :
 Threatning the whole with utter dissolution.
 Once *happy Iste*, I grieve at thy condition :
 VVhere's thy *Repentance* ? where is thy Contrition ?
 Thon

The Groans of the Protestant Church: 30

Thou hast been counted our *Emanuel's Land*,
The Gospel seems on *Tip toe* now to stand,
To bid thee *farewel*: Must thy Sun so soon
Be set: before it did approach to Noon!
Must that illustrious *Morning light* be gone,
That spread its Beams through all our *Horizon*?
Must wretched *Malice*, and prodigious *Lust*,
Must bare-fac'd *Pride*, and impudent *Distrust*,
Rob thee of this inestimable *Jewel*?
How canst thou be so pitiless, so cruel
Unto thy self? Sin is the flaming Dart
That cuts thy Veins, and wounds thy very heart.
Can *Sion* chuse but send out mournful *Cries*?
And weep thy downfal in sad *Elegies*?
Within thy Bounds my *Tabernacles* were
Built up, and I did long inhabit here.
Thy *Gospel-glory*, and *Renown's* gone forth
Into all Parts and Corners of the Earth.
Thou may'st be justly stil'd the place of *Vision*?
(Though made by Foes an *Object* of *Derision*)
The joy of Saints, the *Protestant's* delight,
The *Mark* and *Butt* of *Antichristian* spite.
But if the Crown be ravisht from thy Head,
And *Romish* Clouds thy lustre over spread,
What heart so brawny, but thy doleful Cry
Must move to pity? what relentless eye,
Can see thy fall, and not dissolve to drops?
O fleeting joys! O disappearing hopes!
O hastning horror! O invading fears:
Had I a Sea of never-empti'd tears,



Sion in Distress: Or,

My boundless, helpless grief wide open sets
The Sluces for its streaming Rivulets.
The very Air dress'd in prodigious Forms,
Must groan in Thunder, and must weep in Storms,
Nature, of strong Convulsions sickned is,
To see this horrid *Metamorphosis*!
Where Gospel Pastors did some Millions seed,
Must blind and foolish ignorance succeed?
Must all their throats be cut that won't adore
The hateful *Carcase* of a *Rotten Whore*?
Must all that execrate *Rome's Superstition*,
Be murder'd by a bloody *Inquisition*?
Must such as won't to *Idols* bow, be broke?
Must flaming *Smithfield*, belch out fire and Smoke?
Of Martyr'd Saints? must all that will not turn
(With Bibles and good Books) together burn?
Must *Monkish Tors*, meer *Incarnate Devils*,
Possess our *Land*, and pester it with *Evils*.
Of such an odious and abhorred *Grain*,
That but to name 'em is a *lasting stain*?
Must our Renowned Ministers give place
To *Romish Block-heads*? O the vile disgrace
Of such a *Change*! Must an *Adulterous Priest*
Belch out his *Mass*, where they have Preach'd
Must that absurd and irreligious *Trib* (Christ?
Who setter *Conscience*, and regard a *Bribe*
Beyond their Souls, be Leaders to our *Flocks*?
Must *pantery Non-sence*, and those *Apish Monks*,
Mis call'd *Devotion*, fill the *House of Prayer*?
Must *Pestilence* infect our *Purer Air*.

Must

Must *Sodom* be translated to our *Iste*,
And filthy *Priests* our chastity defile? !
Must satans Factors in a humane shape,
On modest *Virgins* perpetrate a Rape?
Must all our painful *Ministers* be driven
To fiery Stakes, if they renounce not *Heaven*?
Must our dear *Infants* lose their harmless lives
In flaming Faggots, or with *Popish Knives*?
Must guiltless blood through all our streets re?
A mournful Echo? must the horrid sound (bound
Of *Axes*, *Whips*, and dreadful Scourges tear
Our aking hearts, and pierce the yielding Air!
Al! this will be, if *Rome* can but prevail!
Amazement stops my Speech! my Spirits fail!
I only can in *Interjections* cry,
I sink in *Trances*! O! *I dy!* *I dy!*

SION'S Children:

A *El! how can we with any patience bear*
This sad Complaint? can any Children bear
Their Mother delug'd in a Sea of Grief,
And not step in to give her some relief?
Cheer up, Illustrious Spouse, and be not cast
Into despair, by this approaching blast:
Christ is our Captain, then we may be bold,
In all our storms, he is our Anchor hold.
But what's this Beast, of whom thou dost complain?
Whence came he first? and of what date's his Reign?

D.

Gold

Give us his Marks, that we may surely know him;
 Repel his Pride, and quickly overthrow him
 With Universal and United Force,
 Our Armed Legions shall impede his Course.
 If God commands (who do's the Scepter wield)
 we'll fight his Battels, and dispute his Field.
 In Martial Sylogisms our Arms shall speak:
 we'll storm his Wall, and make his Pillars quake!
 A raging Anger in our Bosom burns,
 Patience provok't too much, to Fury turns.

S I O N.

THis Beast above (a) twelve hundred years
 has bin
 My Mortal Foe, he's call'd (b) *The Man of Sin*,

(a) *The most diligent and industrious Searchers into the the Epocha, or beginning of Antichrist, as the learned Mede, Alstedius, Mr. T. L. in his Book intituled A voice out of the Wilderness, Mr. Brightman, Tillinghast, with several other Eminent Men, seem Harmoniously to agree that the Beast began his forty two Months, or one thousand two hundred and sixty (Prophetical) Days or Years, between the years 302. and 455. and therefore must consequently end in a short time. See Mr. Mede, Page 600. & 601. To confirm which, the witness of the best Chronologers, Historians and Antiquaries concur; as also the p^ro-
 sure*

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state of the Worlds Affairs, the unusual working of things, and the awakening Providences of God, which makes us hope, as Mr. Withers affirms, That that glorious Revolution will be in this present Age. And though famous Du Moulin, and some others, speak not of the Popes claiming the Title of Universal Bishop, till about the year 604. or 606. when the Traitor Phocas by the help of Boniface the 3d. murdered the Emperour Mauritius, (in requital of which the Usurper Phocas gave the said Boniface that blasphemous title, and decreed that the Roman Church should be head of all Churches; which Platina a Papist, and a writer of the Popes Lives agrees to; as Beda, de 6. Etat. Mundi, Paul. Diacon. rer. Rom. 18. Histor. Longob. Lib. 4. 11. Anast. Bibl. Vit. Bon. 3 Ado. Etat. 6. Reg. Chron. L. 1. Aimon. de gest. Franc. Lib. 4. C. 4.) Yet the said Du Moulin seems positively to affirm, that the duration of the Church under the Pope, shall end in (or about) the Year, 1689. See his printed, The Accomplishment of the P. Pag. 212. this term once expired (saith he) that which was oppressed shall lift up her head, the Witnesses shall be seen to stand up against the Church of Rome, &c.

(b) 3. 2. 3. Man of sin, is an Hebr. imports a person given up to Impiety and VV as Pro. 24. 5. vir scientix, a man of Knowledge, is, very knowing, 2 Sam. 16. 8. Vir sanguis

A man of blood, that is, one arrived at a *non ultra* of impiety.

This Introducer of blind Superstition,
Is stil'd in *Holy Writ*, (c) *Son of Perdition*.
From Hell's *Abyss*, at first he did proceed,
As in the *Revelations* (d) you may read:
'Tis he whom *Daniel* call's (e) *the little Horn*,
By whom three more up by the Roots were torn.

(c) *Son of Perdition*, is also an *Hebraism*, and denotes, One designed for destruction, as a hopeless and graceless Wretch. *Chrysost.* on 2 *Thess.* Hom. 3. tells us, he is call'd so because he shall be destroyed. *Riscator* and *Erasmus* think it may be expounded, one desperate, and past all hope of holiness, --- the perfect Copy of his Origin. *Judas*, call'd the *Son of Perdition*, *Joh.* 17. 12. forsook an Angel, yet was a Devil --- he was not quit of *Judaism*, followed *Chr.*, was anxious to pity the poor, pretended great love to his Master, yet betrays him with a kiss, and, hatching a Villany able to rend the world, make the Earth quake --- In which let all men consider whether the *Beast* does not exactly parallel him.

(d) 11. 7. The *Beast* that ascends out of the bottomless Pit, &c.

(e) *De Moulin*, p. 379. amply demonstrates that the portion of the *Roman Empire*, which the *Pope* hath

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hath under him hath such proportion in respect of
the whole extent of the ~~man~~ Empire, as there is
of 3 to 10. that is little less than the third part, as
agreeable to Dan. 7. 8.

The Marks of the Beast.

First MARK.

THe Spirit aptly does Characterize
This *Man*'s growth, (f) declares he shall
Not till a day of great *Apostacy* (arise)
Corrupts true Faith, and Gospel Purity:
Just so it hapned at that very time,
When *Rome*'s proud *Pope* did attempt to climb
To that Prodigious Grandeur which devours
Both *Papal*, Princely and Imperial Powers,
That in a Fall as then predicted was,
Did e'er his rising, truly come to pass,
Some Learned *Writers* of their own confess,
With derestation of their wickedness.

(f) This is one way whereby we may know who the
Man of Sin is, viz. He shall not be revealed until
there come a falling away first, as 2 *Thes.* 2. 7.
The Revelation of Antichrist was then to be, when
there should appear some eminent Defect in the
Church. Now antiquity clearly makes out when that
Apostacy was; it began very early: it is affirmed by

same, The Church did not continue a pure Virgin, nor retained her Primitive Purity, longer then one hundred years. But however, all approved Historians agree, that about the beginning of the Fourth Century, the Apostacy of which the Apostle speaketh, was visible, and fully manifested: Joan. Wolfius, out of Jerom. saith, That about the year 390. the Law perished from the Priest, and the Vision from the Prophet; Avarice and Corruption crept into the Church; they condemned Meats and Marriage, and yet gave themselves up to luxurious Banquets and Uncleaness. In the Year 326. it was endeavored in the Council of Nice, to cause Bishops and Elders to refrain from their VVives. See Alsted in Chronologia testium Veritatis. Also the said VVollius alledgeth a saying out of Augustine, applying it to the Year 399. who speaketh thus: That Religion about that time was corrupted with Traditions and humane Rites; That the condition of the Jews under the Law, was easier then that of Christians under the Gospel. Dionysius in an Epistle hinteth that they were burdened with Ceremonies and Traditions that were obtruded and laid upon Christians; and that the Sacraments both of Baptism and the Lords Supper, suffered great mutation, and was grievously corrupted. Also we find Chrysostom declaiming against the Bishop of Rome, concerning Purgatory; which thing is applied to the Year 410. or thereabouts. Besides, we find mention made of worshipping of Images, which

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which is reprehended by one Amphilochus Bishop of Iconium, as also by Epiphanius, whom we find speaking thus: VVhence is this Image worship, and Design of the Devil? And a little after he saith, Be mindful, my beloved Children, that ye bring not Images into the Church, but bear about God in your hearts.

The Second MARK:

When Romes great Empire to its Period came,
The Papal Hierarchy (h) usurpt the same,
By hellish Craft he makes that Seat his own,
And forms Regalia's to a Tripple Crown.
This Man of Sin in * Gospel Times we know
VVas but a hatching, and in Embrio;
And e'er he could come to maturity,
The † Roman Empire must dissolved be;
Upon whose Ruines he hath built his Nest,
And rais'd his Rampant Domineering Crest.

(h) *The second thing that was to precede the coming of Antichrist, was the taking away of the sixth head, viz. the Heathen Empire, which in the Apostles time * did lett or hinder his Rise; he that letteth will lett, until he be taken out of the way. & shall that wicked one be revealed, &c. The Empire (saith Du Moulin) which did bear*

Man in Distress: Or,

be abolished; and out of the Ruins thereof the Son of Perdition is made manifest, and exalts himself: the Emperors hindred him, but the Empire being decayed in the West, and diminished in the East by the *Saracens*, the Pope found means to seize upon the chief City of the Empire, together with great part of *Italy*, and to devour the Neighbouring Churches and Realms at his pleasure. *Du Moulin*, ubi supra, p. 119. That this was the general Opinion of Antiquity, may be seen in *Tertulian*, Lib. de Resurrect. Cap. 24: *Chrysost.* 4 Sermon on *Thes.* The Greek Scholiast. in loc. August de ci-
vitate Dei, lib. 20. cap. 19. Iren. 11. quest to *Alasia*, *Lippus*, &c. He that would see more particularly how the Bishop of Rome hath made his Market by the ruine of the Empire, let him read *Signonius* his History of the Kingdom of *Italy*: In the beginning of his third Book he shews how Pope *Gregory* the Second, because the Emperor opposed his setting up of Images in the Church, forbade the People to pay Tribute to him, and not so much as once to name him in their Publick Service, *Du Moulin* P. 177. This then being out of question, to wit, That the Roman Empire whereof *St. Paul* speaks, is already raised, and that the Bishop of Rome thereupon rose to that height of Pride and Blasphemy, it must needs follow that the Son of Perdition is revealed, and that this is he.

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The Third MARK.

AT first from mean estate (1) this *Beast* arose;
Came from the Earth, and did at length op;
The former *Beast*, the *Roman Empire*, he (pose
By help of *Lombards* chac'd from *Italy*,
Usurpt his Seat, appropriates his Power,
And doth the Saints (as bad as he) devour.
Popes Tragicks are the second part of his.
As if that Soul by *Metempsychosis* (2)
Surviv'd, and were translated into this.
Now let all judge if *Antichrist* be come,
That sees these Marks upon the *Beast* of *Rome*.

(1) This *Beast* (saith *Du Moulin*) rose from
small beginning and mean estate, signified by
little Horn in *Danels* Prophecy, and in the *Revela-*
tions of *St. John* by his rising out of the Earth, ac-
cording as the *Latines* call such as get up from
little *Terra Filias*, as *Musgroves* or *Toad-stools*,
259. Now who is there but knows how mean
poor the *Bishops* of *Rome* were, before they came
to be Earthly Monarchs? then when they had not one
foot of ground, that the Emperour caused them
be whipt, imprisoned, banished, &c. but by degrees
to what a mighty height did he rise? he came
the power of the first *Beast* by little & little, he
the *Empire* upon him, (2) sat down in his very

Sion in Distress: Or,

assumed his Habit and Shoes of Scarlet, and counterfeited the actions and rights of the Roman Empire: casting off his Crozier-Staff, he takes to himself a Crown, and is cloth'd in Scarlet, which was proper to the Emperor: the Emperour had a Senate clad in Scarlet, and he hath a Senate of Cardinals clad in Cloth of the same colour, and in many other things he seem'd to represent the First Beast.

The Fourth MARK.

HE doth exalt himself above all those
Call'd *Gods on earth*, does by his (2) *Bulls*
Regal Edicts, that receive not their (oppose
obliging Sanction from his *Papal Chair*.
He like a Peerless Potentate does now (bow
Make Sov'raign Thrones, and Crowned Monarchs

(1) This is notorious to the World, though the brevity of Notes admit not room for many Examples.

(2) Pius the fifth, sent a Bull to depose Qu. Elizabeth, see Jewel's *View of Sedition*, and Camden's *Eliz.* 1570. Tom. 1. Gregory the 13. labour'd secretly to ruine her, *Id. Ibid.* Anno. 1578. Tom. 1. Sixtus 5. gave her Kingdome to the King of Spain, Anno. 1588. *Ibid.* Clement. 8. strictly commands that none should inherit the *English* Crown, how good soever his Title be, unless they be sworn and resolved *Papists*, his words are thus: *Dis ejusmo-*
di

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di esset, qui fidem Catholicam non modo toleraret, sed omni ope & studio promoveret, & more majorum jurejurando se id præsbiturum susceperat. *Camb. Ann. 1600. Tom. alter.*

(wait

(3) Some hold his Stirrup, (4) some are made to
Three Frosty Nights bare-footed at his Gate.
(5) Imperial Heads lye prostrate at his beek,
And to his trampling feet submit their Necks

(3) Pope *Adrian 4.* made the Emperour *Frederick 1.* to hold his Stirrup, and chid him for holding the wrong one, *Balans in Act. Rom. Pont. in vit. Adrian 4.*

(4) *Gregory 7.* made the Emperour *Henry 4.* the Empress and Child, to wait three dayes and three nights, in a Frosty Season, bare footed, and bare legged, before his Gates, before they could get Audience. *Id in vit. Gregor 7.*

(5) *Alexander 3.* Made the Emperour fall upon the ground, in the Temple of *St. Mark* at *Venice*, the whole People being present, and puts his Foot upon his Neck, uttering the *Psalmists* words, *Ps. 91. 13.* Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and the Adder, the young Lion and Dragon shalt thou trample under feet, *Id in vit. Alex. 3.* see 40 Examples of this in the Learned Dr. *White's Way to the Church*, P. 13, 19, 20, 21.

Sion in Distress: Or,

The Fifth *MARK*:

ANother *Mark*; He in Gods Temple sits;
Boasting himself a God, and counterfeits
True Holiness; when he assum'd the Throne;
There was a Temple (*) of the Holy One
In *Rome*, and did continue so, till they
Displaced Christ, (+) and flung his Truth away.

Tis expressly laid down by the *Apostle*, as an undoubted Mark of the Man of Sin, viz. That he should sit in the Temple of God. *Chrysost.* is very expresse, *Hom.* 3. 2. *Thef. S.* that is, not in *Jerusalem* but in the Church, so *Oecumenus*, de *Rom. Lib.* 3. Cap. 13. and *Theoph. Theodor. Ambros. Primus Anselm. Severian. apud ipsum.* Besides it was to be in a City with 7 Hills, and where Kings or Supream Magistrates were or had been, which agrees to no City but *Rome*, as is demonstrated by *Peter du Moulin* and others; if it be objected, that the Church of *Rome* at the time of Antichrist's Rise, could not be the Temple of God, because upon the great Apostacy that denomination ceases: it is Answered, It might be called the Church and Temple of God then, though the Presence of God and the true Religion and Power of Godliness was gone, it might retain the Name; as Royal Palaces keep their Names when ruined

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ruined; 'tis said, *Isai. 1. 21. How is the faithful City become an Harlot?* Could she be a faithful City and a Harlot too? The meaning is, she was so but now thus; so *Mat. 11. 5. Mark. 7. ult.* 'tis said *The blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk, &c.* that is, they were so, but now otherwise; a Woman keeps her Husbands Name though Divorced for Whoredom; so *Rome* (*) was Gods Temple and Christs Church, but when she espoused another Head, and cast off her first Husband (+) and the true Faith, she became a Harlot and Synagogue of Satan, though bearing still the name of *Church* and *Christian* also. See an excellent Treatise, Intituled, *The man of Sin* Printed 1677. pag. 40. &c.

The Sixth MARK.

THIS is the Beast upon whose Back the great Inticing *Serpent* rides in Pompous State By him she was supported all along, By his Imposture she was rendred strong.

(*) So he carried me away in the Spirit into the Wilderness, and I saw a Woman set upon a *Beast* coloured *Beast*, full of Names of Blasphemy having seven Heads and ten Horns, *Rev. 17.* will shew the Mystery of the Woman, and Beast that carries her, *ver. 7.*

This Mark that (+) Notion throws quite out of That sayes the *Beast* shall not arise before (door, The Desolation of the Scarlet Whore.

(+) It hath been a received Opinion of some Christians of late times, that the *Beast* who is the Antichrist or Man of Sin, shall not arise till the Whore is destroyed, and that when he comes he shall only Reign 3 Years and a half. Which Notion may seem strange to all considerate men; because that *Beast* who is of the 7th. and an 8th. all confesse is the Man of Sin: and how evident is it that this very *beast* bears up, and carries the Whore from first to last? besides, consider 'tis said, the 10 Horns of this very *Beast's* shall hate the Whore, and make her desolate, how could the Horns hate or hurt her, if the *Beasts* rise not till she is destroyed? can there be Horns and no *Beast*? And besides, should this Notion be received, it might seem strange that the holy Spirit passed by in silence, and takes no notice of this horrid Monster, or succession of *Popes*, that have continued so long, having all the Marks and Characters so clearly upon him of Antichrist. If any should say, he doth not deny Christ come in the flesh, I answer, in a Mystery he doth, and particularly, in his ordaining of Sacrifices, as it was under the Law, which cease all when the *Antitype* came, and by assuming the place of Christs Supremacy and Government.

The Seventh *MARK*:

THe Holy Spirit most expressely saith;
In later times some shall renounce the Faith;
 That by the Spirit of Seduction led,
Doctrine of Devils through the Earth shall spread;
 That belch out Falshood in Hypocrisie
 And many Thousands do deceive thereby;
 Forbidding Marriage, (*) and the use of Meats;
 Which God ordain'd for every man to eat.

(*) This is an undeniable Mark of the Son of Perdition, viz. That he shall forbid Marriages, and command to abstain from meats, and who it is that commands to abstain from meats, and who it is that suffers not his Clergy to marry, and forbids the eating of flesh on some certain days and seasons of the Year, is known to all. The Council of Chalcedon saith (*Canon. Cap. 16.*) *Ut nec Deo dicata Virgo, nec Monachus nubere;* That no *Nun* or *Monk* shall marry. Bellarmine in his 34 Cap. of the Book of *Monks*, files the marriage of Clerks & Monks by the name of Sacriledge; and affirms, That they sin less which commit Fornication after they have once taken a *Vow*, than they do which marry, say, and in the 19 Chapter of the first Book of *Clerks*, he saith, That the marriage of Saints is not without some Sin, Pollution and Uncleanness. The 6

Ge.

General Council assembled at Trullo, to make Canons, tell us plainly in the 13 Canon, that in the Church of Rome, whosoever will be a Deacon or Priest, must first protest that he will never any more after that have to do with his Wife, &c. If a Man be found to have broken the Ordinance of the Church, by eating Flesh in Lent, especially in the Week which they call the Holy Week, the Priest, saith my Author, hath no power to absolve him, &c. This Doctrine of the Pope, as 'tis a Mark of Antichrist, so 'tis expressly called the Doctrine of Devils.

The Eighth MARK.

HE's not content to be Supream below,
And make all *Scaplers* to his *Crozier* bow;
But th'impious Wretch is grown so bold that even
He dares affront the Majesty of Heaven.
What God commands, this Imp of Hell controuls;
Condemns the sav'd, and saves condemned Souls;
Himself he places in *Jehovah's* (a) Throne,
As chief of all, as second unto none.

(a) He shall oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, shewing himself that he is God, *2 Theff. 2.* He shall speak great things against the most High, *Deu. 7. 25.* That the Pope is guilty of opposition to, and exaltation of himself above the Majesty of God, is made appear by divers worthy Writers; the very life and soul of

Papery

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Papery seem to run in this vein. The Lord Jesus (*John one*) is made a very Lacquey to the Pope, he changes times and Laws at his pleasure. God says, Thou shalt make to thy self no graven Image. &c. *The Pope takes away that Commandment*, and declares 'tis lawful to worship Images. *The Lord bids us search the Scriptures; the Pope opposeth this*, and forbids the reading of them, nay burns to death those that do read them; and to prevent it, locks them up in an unknown Tongue. God pardons sins upon Repentance, the Pope without, for a sum of Money. The Pope can invest a *Sorrier Priest* with power by uttering a few words to make a God, to turn bread into the real body of Christ, and have power over him to do with him what he pleases when he hath done, and he can't deliver himself out of his hands.

A brace of *Keys* he carrys in his hand,
To shut and open at his own Command.
He *Curses* and *Absolves*, he *Binds*, *Releases*,
Puts down, *Advances* whomsoe'er he pleases.
This is th' *Apocalyptic Beast*, that claims
Sublimest Titles, and Blasphemous Names,
With *Maule's Pride*, and *Peerless Impudence*,
He does for Money with Gods Laws dispence
To fill his Purse (O shameless *Avarice!*)
All sorts of Sins he values at a price. (b)

(b) What sin is it but the Pope takes upon him to pardon for Money; besides he makes the detestable sins of Treason and Murder, if it be done in Zeal, and by his Authority, for the promotion of the pretended Holy Church, meritorious, Canonizing black and brutish sinners for saints, in his Kalender; he exalts himself above the Word of God, he usurps Gods seat, by giving what Interpretation to Gods Law he pleases, which he makes of equal Authority with it.

Sins in Disguise: Or,

The Ninth MARK.

False Miracles and Lying Wonders too
This grand Deceiver does pretend to do (a)
He saith would make th'abused World believe,
That he with Ease can make a Dead Man live.
They do such things, their *Sottish Legend* saith,
As far exceeds all Truth or Humane Faith;
Their Nature, Number, Circumstances all,
Done by Atchievements Diabolical;
Their senseless Fables, arrant Fopperies,
Are meer Impostures and apparent lyes.
This is an Engine which the Graceless Wretch
Does spread abroad, the Sons of Men to catch:
And God lets such those horrid lies believe,
Who Gospel Truths would not in love receive,
That they might perish and be damn'd thereby,
The just desert of such Iniquity!

(a) Even him whose coming is after the working of Satan with all Power, and Signs, and lying Wonders, 2 *Thes.* 2. 9. Bellarmine (de not *Ecc.* 1. 4. cap. 14.) maketh Miracles one infallible sign of the true Church; and certain I am, the false and lying wonders of the *Roman Church*, clearly sheweth the Pope to be the *Antichrist*, or Son of Perdition. I have not room here to enumerate many of them, only take one or two, by which you may judge of the rest. One *Becanus's* Head being off, St. *Ias* Prayers made it come *possessing* through the Air, stand by the Body, and she joyned them *again*, so that in one hours space the Man became as lively as ever he had been in all his life.

The Groans of the Protestant Church:

St. Anthony's Arm, that precious Relick at Geneva, was worshipping'd with great Devotion, whilst *Papery* was in ground; but when the Gospel came, and the Relick was produced, 'twas found the Pisse of a *Stag. Calu. de reprop. initium*. Possibly you may have heard of the Wonder that Relick had done; and of *St. Decumanus*, who carried his own head after it was cut off, to a Spring, and there washed off the blood from it. A Countrey Curate, saith *Erasmus*, getting Crabs, and fastening Candles to their backs, set them crawling up and down the Church-Yard at night, and the Morning after he had taken them in again, perswaded the People that they were poor distressed Souls in Purgatory; you must think such that wanted Masses and Almes, saith the Author; ye know the Proverb, *No Penny, No Peter*; *Nelson* fit Miracle to pick the Peoples Pockets. *Lib. 22. Jo. Epist. 1529.* in Epist. Edit, Basil. A Maid coming into a Garden and taking a Lettice to eat it, crusht the Devil between her Teeth in the Lettice; and this poor Devil, saith *Du Moulin*, whom she belike swallowed down together with the Lettice, being commanded to go out, and checkt by *Equitius*, confessed himself, saying, Alas! What hurt did I? I was fast quietly upon the Lettice, and she came and bit me, she was in her for not making the sign of the Cross when she gathered the Lettice. Moreover, these ridiculous Impostors affirm, that when the Body of Pope *Formisus* was carry'd to *St. Peters Church*, all the Images of the Saints that were there, did him obeysance; but above all, the Miracle of *Alse* that left his Provender to worship the Host, the most ridiculous to King *James*; see his *Apology*, &c. Many pretended Miracles were wrought, as Writers have wrote about the 4 and 5 Century, and were contrived to establish the Popes Head-ship and universal Supremacy, as also their idle stories of *Purgatory*, *Images*, *Prayers for the Dead*, &c. Those that would see more, let them read *Monist*, also a late Book intituled, *the Mass of Sin*.

Sion in Distress: Or,

The Tenth MARK.

HIs out Side's smoothe, he's garb'd in Sheeps
array,
But inwardly a rav'nous *Beast of Prey.*
He has a *Mouth* (a) wherewith he speaks great
things,
Blasphemes the Glory of the *King of Kings.*

(a) And there was given unto him a Mouth speaking great things and blasphemies, *Rev. 13. 5.* And he opened his mouth against God, to blaspheme his Name and Tabernacle, and them that dwell in Heaven, *ver. 6.* He shall speak great words against the most High, *Dan. 7. 25.* This mark of the beast is apparently seen in the Pope, in those insolent and blasphemous Titles he assumes to himself; he is called Christs Vicar, or his Viceroy and Lieutenant. Bellarm. de Rom. lib. 2. Cap. 31. Foundation, Head and Husband to the Catholick Church; his Holiness, that can be judged by no man; though he draw an innumerable number to hell who shall say to him, what dost thou? What would you think to hear him called, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Root of David? so *Regulus* one of his Bishops Courted pope *Leo* the Tenth, and thereupon had the Daughter of *Sion* not to weep, saying, *God had raised to her a Saviour.* See Council Later. sub Leon. 10. Seff 6. ap fur.

He is frequently called by those of the Romish Church, Our Lord God the Pope, Exter. Joan. 22. Tit. 14. C. 4.

And as touching his Blasphemies against those that dwell in Heaven, to wit, The Saints of God, 'tis evident that they are continually branded for Hereticks *Schismatics*, and what not.

The Groans of the Protestant Church

The Eleventh MARK.

THe that aims at th'utter Dissolution.
Of precious Saints, by Bloody Persecution
That does pronounce no Christian fit to live,
Unless they do his Beastly Mark receive.
Forbids all *Traffick*, none must sell or buy,
Except th'adorers of his *Hierarchy*.
This Mark the *Pope* doth in his Forehead bear
Of which full proof, is extant ev'ry where,
The Numbers he hath (a) murder'd do surmount
The strictest of *Arithmeticks* account.
They stain'd each Nation with a Crimson Flood
And swelling Current of my Childrens Blood.

(a) *He shall wear out the Saints of the Most High, Dan. 7.* and caused as many as would not worship the Image of the beast should be killed, *Rev. 13. 5.* We find upon Record, that *Pope Innocent* the 3. within the space of a few Moneths, made more than 200000 of the faithful to be slain, who they called *Albigians*, he had made all *Europe* to stream with blood; *St. Bartholomews* Massacre, in the Year, 1572, more than 30000 were slain in cold blood: see *Du Moulin* p. 246. The Duke de *Alva* (saith he) played the Butcher in *Flanders* and under the shew of *Catholic* Zeal, slew Millions of people, in recompence whereof the *Pope* sent him a holy Sword and Consecrated Gloves; besides the infinite numbers slain in other places, by Wars, bloody Massacres, and other wise, which you will hear more hereafter; so that by this time sure all may conclude *Antichrist* is come, and that this is he in whom all the Marks and Characters do so fully meet, which the Holy Ghost hath given of him.

Sion in Distress: Or,
SION'S SONS.

T*Hese Marks are so notorious that we can
Say of the Romish Pope. He is the Man;
For these Characteristicks truly are
To him (and only him) peculiar.
This raging Monster is that Beast of prey;
Shall we arise to take his strength away?
That hath so long time tyranniz'd thus
(with hellish Fury) over thee and us?
Self-preservation is, by every Creature
Esteem'd a Sacred Principle in Nature.
Each Free born mind, must at those Tyrants spurn
That would infect their Souls, their Bodies burn.
Why should this Beast still rage and domineer
As he hath done, without controul or fear?*

S I O N.

Y*ou are to wait for Gods great Dispensations;
At whose disposal is the fate o Nations;
His time is best, and in due Season he
Will bring this Beast to his Catastrophe:
He sits in Heaven, and beholds with Scorn,
This Rebels Pride. His glorious Son that's born
Heir of the World, and Prince of Kingdoms too,
Shall surely Reign, because it is his due;
For all to him the Sov'raign Rule must yield;
He shall the Crown and Royal Scepter wield:
Nations shall serve him: Kings that have abhor'd
His Name, shall pay him homage, as their Lord.*

To

The Groans of the Protestant Church;

To *JESUS* all shall bow, he shall be King,
And to poor *Sion* shall Redemption bring.
Till this Beasts month, and latestt hour be spent,
No Humane Weapon can his Rage prevent.
To suffer Persecution I'm appointed,
Till Instruments are chosen and anointed
For my Deliverance; your work's to pray,
And be prepared for that blessed day;
When *Babel* falls, and *Sion* is restor'd
To height of favour, with her blessed Lord!
The day approaches, and if you would win
Renown by Fighting, then encounter Sin;
That home bred Foe, which in your Bosom lurks,
And like the Venome of an *Aspick* works
Through all your Vitals; 'tis the Capital
And grandest Foe, that would betray you all;
It corresponds with those that do expose
To torments, all that with the Bridegroom close;
Till this is conquer'd, I shall not arise,
Nor be deliver'd from mine Enemies.
This Traytor makes my very heart to faint,
And does occasion most of my Complaint;
For by's conspiring with the *Beast* and *Devil*,
I am surrounded with the present evil.

Besides these Foes of my forlorn Estate,
There is another strong Confederat,
The Proud, Imperious and Intulcing *Whore*,
Of whom I made a sad Complaint before;
She with lascivious Looks and Wanton Eyes
Prompts on to *Lust* and all *Debaucheries*;

Sion in Distress: Or,

By her fallacious and bewitching *Charms*,
She does intice *Great Men* into her Arms,
Corrupting Princes by her *Incantations*,
Destroys the brave *Nobility of Nations*.

Great God assist me, e're my Spirits fail!
That I the *State of Monarchs* may bewail,
Who to her Yoke yield their *Illustrious Necks*,
And move (like *Vassals*) at her sawcy becks.
Oh! they that should My *Nursing Fathers* be,
Are *Executioners of Cruelty*,
By this *Whores Influence*, the *Civill Power*
Is made a dreadful *Engine* to devour
The *Saints of God*, and kick at the *Creator*;
But let them know that *Sov'raign Arbitrator*
Of all their *Destinies*, is *Great and Just*,
And can, at pleasure, tumble them to *Dust*.
What pity is't that *Dukes and Noble Peers*,
With other *Heroes*, should for many years
Thus truckle to that *Proud, Ulurping Whore*,
And for her sake enslave themselves? nay more,
Exhaust their *Treasure*, and debase their *Name*,
And bring themselves to such reproach and shame,
By thus ingaging in her *Hellish Plots*,
Which fastens on them *Everlasting Blots*.
That shameless *Scrumper*, whose accursed wiles
Trappans the *Conscience*, and the *Soul* beguiles,
When she involves them in the deepest guilt,
She does pretend to wash away the filth,
By impious *Pardons*! Yea, to such an height
Does she bewitch Men, that the very sight

Of

The Groans of the Protestant Church:

51

Of Tyburn, cannot move them to confess,
Their load of guilt and horrid wickedness;
It is her Art, when they are parting hence,
To steel their Fronts with shameless impudence.
When they are drawn to a deserved Death,
With lyes she makes them to resign their breath.
She makes them drunk till they forget their fears,
Her Agents buzzing in their doubting Ears;
Who (like ill Angels round about them hover,
For fear they shou'd her Rogueries discover.
When some are stretcht upon the fatal block,
And Justice ready to discharge the stroke,
Such is the strength of her Inebriation,
Tha: they (Oh horrible!) on their Salvation,
Protest they'r innocent! when all the while
No Treason ever did appear more vile,
Then that for which Impartial Justice bath
Judg'd them (as Traytors, to deserved Death:
Rome (by their frantick Resolutions) would
Out-face the Sun, and baffle) if she could)
The clearest Proofs, and solid'st Evidence
Produc'd by Heav'ns unerring providence.
Ah! cruel Mistress of deluded Souls!
That's not content to make them arrant Fools
To lose Estates and lives, but must thereby
Make them stab Conscience, when they come to
She to encourage Treasons, does prefer (Dye,
Those Traytor-Martyrs in her Calender.

SIONS

S I O N ' S S O N S .

THis Whore and Beast in Interest are so join'd,
That many puzzl'd are, which way to find,
Wherein they differ, pray tell us therefore,
How is the Beast distinguished from the Whore.

S I O N .

(a) **T**He Pope's the *Beast*, usurping over all;
A Power Supream and Magiltratical;
This Scarlet Beast do's in the strictest sence
Lay claim to Secular Preheminence.

The *Roman Empire* lost the Ruling Seat,
The Pope usurpt it, and from thence grew great;
All Kings that he could by his craft allure,
Receive their Power; and Investiture.

This Whore cannot be the Beast.

(a) 1. Because the Beast is exprest in the *Masculine Gender*, the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, and the Beast that was, and is not even *H.E.*, is the Eight and of the Seven, *i. e.* He came up by means of the Liberty and large Revenues. The seven Heads, *viz.* The Christian Emperors gave to the Church and Church-men, though a different and distinct sort of Government to all before it, but *Mystery Babylon* is exprest by the *Feminine Gender*, a Woman, a Whore, Mother of Harlots; I saw the Woman drunk with the Blood of the Saints, &c. And when I saw her I wondred, &c.

2 The

2. The Angel describes them distinct, the one from the other, a Peast and Whore, I *John* saw them as clearly distinct as a Beast is from her that sits upon him, and I saw a Woman set upon a Scarlet-coloured beast, *Rev* 17.3.

3. If the beast and VVhore were one and the same, then the VVhore sets up and rides upon her self; than which nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous.

4. There is as real a difference between the Man of sin, and the VVhore or false Church, as is between Christ and the true Church: the beast or Anti-christ is the Head, the VVhore is the body; and indeed it was by renouncing the Headship and Government of Christ Jesus, and espousing, owning, and swerving to the Headship and Supremacy of the Pope, that first gave the Church of *Rome*, the denomination of a VVhore; for a woman that has two Heads, two Husbands can be no other.

5. Moreover tis evident that the beast shall remain though in Captivity, his power being taken away after the VVhore is destroyed. And burned with fire, *Rev* 19. 19, 20, *Dan* 7. 26

From him: the *whore's*, th^o (b) *Fee's* *fiastick* State,
Or *Romish* *Hierarchy*, that take's her Seat
Upon the back of this Ten horned Steed, (bleed.)
(Which gores my side, and makes my Children

(b) Though 'tis granted the Magistratical Power of Popish Kings in large sence is signified by the beast who do support the Ecclesiastick state or false Church, yet Originally it more strictly resides in the Pope, for by a voluntary submission to him: he is become their Master, as *Du Moulin* page 161. Observes their Crowns being at the Popes disposal, who takes it, and gives it (saith he) to whom he thinks good, which things have been noted by *Buiccardine*, that famous Historian in his History of the rises and advancements of the Pope.

SION'S SONS.

Shall we (indanger'd by her Plots) arise
 To curb this *Whore*, that our great God defies?
 Why should her Treasons any more annoy
 Thy precious Saints and Nations thus destroy.
 Lets make her Drink in that invenom'd Cup
 She fills for us shall she not swill it up;
 Will none fall on, provok't by flaming ire,
 To eat her Flesh, and burn her in the fire?

SION.

Who instrumental in that work shall be;
 Read well the sacred Scriptures, you may
Rev. Esa. Jerom. (see

And since the matter you do understand,
 It brings me comfort on the other hand:
 As 'twas foretold in sacred Scripture story
 You are inlightn'd with the Angels glory;
 As for my Children who before did live,
 Light from this Angel they could not receive.
 My Children brought forth in the latter dayes,
 Shall do great matters to *Jehovah's* praise.
 I see some good men do desire to know
 The time when they this *VVhore* shall overthrow;
 Cannot blame them for this very thing,
 To the whole *VVorld* it will much glory bring.

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The Groans of the Protestant Church. 69

Then shall the Gospel through the Earth be spread
And Men instead of Husks shall feed on Bread;
God's VVorship shall its freedome then enjoy,
Rome's Locust then shall you no more annoy.
There shall be then a wonderful increase
Of *Sion's* glory and of *Israel's* peace;
Then shall my Children in sweet consort sing
Anthems of joy to the Eternal King.
No names then of Distinction more shall be,
But speak one Language all they shall agree
In peace and onenels and blest Harmony.
But to reply to what you have requir'd,
At present you must keep your selves retir'd
Make no attempts until the Lord on high,
Does give you strength this *Babel* to defie:
You now do seem to lie as persons dead,
As being unable to erect your head:
But then you shall appear to be alive,
The Spirit of the Lord shall you revive:
God hath (I know) set down the time exact;
VVhen hee'l begin this strange and dreadful Act;
To the confusion of your Enemies.
VVhen God shall call his VVitneses to rise;
Then from the Heavens, they shall hear a voice;
VVhich shall make all their spirits to rejoyce.
Then shall they have so evident a call,
That they straight way shall on this Strumpet fall;
VVith patience therefore wait upon the Lord,
Until his saving strength he doth afford;
To him you are to make your supplication;
For from him only is my expectation,

O sigh with me, and in your Spirits groan;
 And send strong crys up to his gracious Throne;
 Give him no rest till, (in those glorious days.)
 Of all the Earth. I'm made the only praise.
 And I'll lift up my voice to God on High,
 And make my moan to him, and thus will cry;

SION'S PRAYER:

O Lord of Hosts, consider my Estate;
 Let me remain no longer desolate.
 Have I not been most precious in thy sight?
 O do not therefore my Petition slight;
 O let thy Bowels to thy Children move,
 In tender token of Parental love.
 Shall Sion totter? and the Beast grow steady
 In his proud Seat? hast thou not try'd already?
 What some advantage, or what Gospel good,
 Is to be hoped for, from the wicked Brood?
 Canst thou expect they'll serve thee better Now?
 Are they more like to bless the World below,
 Than thy poor Sion? if their measures be
 Repleated brimful of Iniquity,
 Then by just forfeiture, their right is gon;
 To Earthly power, and Dominion,
 Will these thy saving Gospel Truths preserve?
 Or in pure Worship at thine Altars serve?
 Will these protect the Innocent and good,
 And not provoke thee with their crying blood?

Will

Will they make Judgement in right channels go!
Extirpate Vice? Make Righteousness to flow
Like mighty Streams? are they in Covenant
With Thee? Or wert thou ever pleas'd to grant
Them any Promises that they should wear
The Sacred badges of thy Name? and bear [men]
The Sovereign Rule? will Fathers, and young
Within thy Church, be priz'd and honor'd then?
Shall they not rather, by their barb'rous hands,
Be butcher'd, for obeying thy Commands?
Will not thy Childrens Souls in danger be
Of swift Damnation, by *Rome's* blasphemie?
If Laud on Earth and Praises will be given,
If Hallelujahs will be sung in Heaven,
To thy great Name, for raising *Babylon*,
And bringing *Sion* to destruction:
If then the Door of Grace, be open'd more,
For Mens Salvation, then it was before.
If Sinners access unto the blessed *Jesus*,
Be made more free; if cure of Soul Diseases
Be then more easie, then let *Sion* fall.
And *Rome* usurp Dominion over all.
But if in sight of thine all-seeing Eye,
Their Monstrous Crimes are of so black a Dye,
If from their very springing they have beca,
The vilest Wretches, and the worst of men;
If for the future they intend to be
The Perpetrators of all Villany.
If their black sins, of gross Idolatry,
Pride, horrid Murthers, and Adultery;

Sion in Distress: Or,

Mount up to Heavens great Imperial Throne;
If thy Oppression makes thy Churches groan;
If they will burn thy Scriptures and suppress
All Books that treat of Gospel holiness?
If guiltless souls of every sex and age,
Will be made sacrifices to their Rage;
If they are Foes, without thy Covenants,
If they will trample on thy precious saints;
If they (because thou didst not hear and save
Thy praying *Sion*, from a sinking Grave)
Deride thy Glory, and blaspheme thy Name,
And put thy faithful ones to open shame. *Dis 32. 26*
Then hear O Lord, thou seest my power is gone,
In thee I trust, besides thee there is none,
That can thy *Sion*, from her Foes deliver;
O draw some flaming Arrows from thy Quiver
To quell the pride of this oppressing Crew,
Thy mighty Arm alone can them subdue.
On thee I fix an absolute Reliance,
Do thou but help, I'll bid them all defiance.
Hear and consider, for thy Mercy sake,
On gasping *Sion* some compassion take.
I have been ransom'd with the precious blood
Of thy dear Son, and fill'd with heavenly Food.
O Lord, I pray, thy Churches sins forgive,
And in sweet concord let thy Children live;
Teach them true saving knowledge from thy word
That they may worship Thee with one accord.
Thou canst the Prostrate raise, and cure his wound
For nothing difficult for thee is found.

Thou

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Thou knowest my grief, O Lord, incline thy Ear,
Revive my hope, and chase away my fear.
In *Achor's* Valley open thou a Door,
And make me sweetly sing as heretofore;
I pray Thee break the Bonds of my distress,
And lead me from this dolorous Wilderness.
O let me shine like *Sol's* illustrious light,
And be's an Army terrible in fight.
Pull off that Vail that does thy *Sin* cover,
Those clouds, O scatter that I may discover
What thou dost mean by this thy dispensation,
And what my work is in this Generation.
Its time for thee to plead thy Peoples cause,
When wicked men make void thy righteous Laws;
Thou canst destroy them with their brimfull Cup,
And lofty Cedars, by the roots pull up;
But Lord remember for to spare thy Vine, *Thine*,
That spreading Plant which thou hast *chose*
Make that to flourish and be ever green,
And full of clusters as before't has been.
From *Egypt* thou hast brought it heretofore:
From thence I pray deliver it once more,
Let thine hand plant it, give it Redstart root,
That all the Land may feast upon its Fruit;
O let its Cordial Juice the Nation fill,
And let its boughs o'reshadow ev'ry Hill:
From Sea to Sea do thou her branches send,
And her, from all her Enemies defend,
Make up her Hedge, her Fence, be thou a Wall,
To keep her from the violence of all

Rapacious

Sion in Distress: Or,

Rapacious Bears, and from the greedy Boar
That would destroy it, and its fruit devour.
Lord from on high thy lovely Vine be'hold,
Thine own Plantation, valued more than Gold;
Canst thou deny thy helping hand the while
Wild Beasts thy Vineyard ravage thus and spoil,
I am *Christ's* Spouse, his undefiled One,
Canst thou permit me to be trod upon;
'Tis by thy Grace I am intitled so,
Great God relieve me, and divert my wo,
I am surrounded on all sides with pain,
O let me see thy lovely smiles again.
Thou hast withdrawn the beamings of thy grace;
And wrapt in Clouds the splendor of thy face;
O this has caus'd such anxious grief and smart,
As tears my Soul, and rends my very heart
To tears of blood, whilst thou the glorious Sun
Of light art hid: O whether shall I run,
For Beams of comfort in this doleful hour?
Whilst I lye delug'd in the brinish shower
More would she speak, but her great passion ties
Her mournful tongue: the Flood-gates of her eyes
In chrysal Streams do represent an anguish,
That makes her vital operations languish.
Sunk in despairing sounds, she scarce appears
To breathe or live, but by her sighs and tears.

SION'S

SLON'S SONS:

(bewail

Mourn, mourn O Heav'ns; and thou, O Earth
And weep ye Saints until your spirits fail,
For she that is the glory of the Earth,
Of the most Noble and illustrious Birth,
Lies sadly weltring in a deep despair;
Her grievous sorrows, can no tongue Declare;
O that our Brethren would, but hasten hither
That in Gods fear we may conser together
You must needs grieve, when her Complaints you
Do not your hearts dissolvé into a tear? (hear
Do not your eyes like to a Fountain stream?
And all your Joys, turn to a mourning theme?
Does not your nightly rest from you depart?
Are you not pierced to the very heart?
Are you not in the depth of bitterness,
Because of Sion and her sore distress?
How can your hearts delight in things below?
How can you sleep in peace as others do?
How can we comfort have, or pleasure find?
Or how can we the VVorlds concernments mind?
How can we eat or drink with hearts content,
And not with grief poor Sions state lament?
How can we bear our Mothers doleful cries,
She sighs, she sobs, she languishes, she dies,
In dreadful Agonies, in bitter pain,
How can we brook her Enemies disdain?

She is reproached by ev'ry Drunken Sor,
And thrown away like to a broken Pot.
She is despis'd and trod upon like Dung,
The Drunkard on her makes his daily Song:
But Christ will turn and will expostulate
The Case with Sion, touching her Estate.
Why art thou sometimes up, then down again?
Sometime at ease, sometimes in bitter pain?
They're doubtless throws, cheer up and do not fear
For thy deliverance is very near.
Those lab'ring pangs shall speedily be o're.
Fear not, thou shalt not dye, one, or two more
Shall bring that Child into the World, which thou
Hast travel'd with in bitter pangs till now.
Address thy self to God, for surely he
From these thy Tortures will deliver thee,
'Tis he alone that brings down the Birth,
And do's give strength and vigour to bring forth;
Then stay thy self upon this blessed Lord,
His gracious help he will to thee afford,
Upon his promises do thou depend,
And thou shalt see deliverance in the end.
These words of comfort like a Cordial wrought
And to her senses, mourning Sion brought,
With languish'd looks, she casts a weeping Eye
Upon her Children, and renues her try.

S I O N.

I Am afraid my God hath me forsook,
My sighs he minds not, scarce bestows a look.
His former pitty, he hath quite forgot,
His anger's kindled & his wrath is hot;
When that burns sore, how can I chuse but mourn?
How am I spoil'd, how am I rent and torn?
I'm like a Ship with raging Tempest tost
Must Rocks and Sands, just ready to be lost:
Where ev'ry Billow does present a Grave,
And Death in triumph rides on ev'ry wave.
Ah! but I am, engraven on his hand,
And in his sight for evermore shall stand.
Awake, O Arm of God, and do not stay,
My sorrows are so great, O say not nay,
Hear me, dear *Jesus*, unto thee I crie,
Unless thou save me, I must surely die.

C H R I S T.

IN glorious Regions of approachless light
Where Joys unmixt with perfect love unite:
There do I sit, there do I see and hear
What Kings and Potentates consulting are,
Resounding in mine Ears continually,
I hear a bitter, and complaining cry.

Sion in Distress: Or,

I feel my Bowels with compassion move,
And therefore 'tis the voice of one I love,
She whom I purchas'd with my dearest blood;
Seems crencht in tears and drowned in a flood;
Some grievous sorrow, or great tribulation,
Extorts from her this doleful lamentation,
Enough to pierce my tender heart again.
And make the Temple rend once more in twain;
Alas poor *Sion*! thy sad voice I hear,
I'll come and help thee, for I know thy fear,
And what occasions these thy languid Moans;
I know thy sorrow, and I hear thy Groans.
'Tis I can still the blust'ring Winds and Seas,
And in thy greatest Anguish give thee ease.
'Tis I can wound, and cure; I build, I break;
I kill, I make alive; I give and take
And can (if I think fit) make Nations shake,
And Kingdoms totter, reeling to and fro:
I for thy sake, strange things will quickly do.
In thy affliction, great distress and pain,
Of which thou dost so grievously complain,
I am afflicted: what they do to thee,
Of hurt or wrong, I take as done to me;
I tender thee as th'apple of mine Eye,
Fear not therefore, thy proudest Enemy.
Although with Foes thou art environ'd now,
All power and wisdom's mine; and I know how
To strengthen thee, and make them all to bow.
I will arise and shew my Sovereignty;
I'll make them to the Rocks and Mountains fly;

Though

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Though with the powers of hell they have combin'd
I will pursue them, and they shall not find
A hiding place my vengeance to avoid,
Till by my fury they be all destroy'd.
I will bring down each high and lofty head,
Their mighty ones like Mortar I will tread.
Thy cause I'll plead, though silent I have stood,
He be reverg'd for all the righteous blood,
That has run down like to a mighty flood.
And therefore now; He make no long delay,
What's due to Justice, they shall surely pay;
Besides the bloody wrongs thou dost repeat
The crying Martyrs loudly do intreat
Me to avenge their blood, therefore I will
Come down in fury, and those Monsters kill;
Then, thou before me very strong shalt wax,
For He make thee my dreadful Battle-axe.
Thy Horn shall Iron be, & thy hoof Brass, (rice.
With which thou shalt tread down the Serpents
Thy Sons that scatter'd o're the Earth throughout,
I will soon gather with a mighty shout.
• The mighty they shall overcome with slings,
And bind in Fetters persecuting Kings.
He lay thy stones with Colours fair and sure,
Thy strong Foundation shall be Saphyrs pure:
Although I seem'd to have forsake thee,
Yet from all bondage I will set thee free,
Though I have thee afflicted heretofore,
He turn my hand upon the bloody Whore;
Because thou dost my holy Name profess,
He break in pieces them that thee oppress.

Sion is Distress: Or,

And with Commission from the great Jehovah,
Will come down and all thy Griets remove.
All Weapons form'd against my Sion, shall
Unprosperous prove, for I will break them all.
Teach thy Children, give thee lasting Peace,
Converted Gentiles shall the Church increase.
Though wicked Men with words do thee deride,
Thy Borders I'll enlarge on every side.
Each hungry Soul with plenty I will feed,
The Earth I will divide among thy Seed.
I've promis'd that they shall the World possess,
And will perform it now in righteousness.
I will descend unto my Holy Hill,
The Earth with knowledge I will quickly fill.
I will suppress all Luxury and Riot,
The Heathen in my presence shall be quiet.
I have all Kings I shall exalted be,
And rule the Earth with Sov'raign Majesty.
When all the Kingdoms in the World are mine,
Then thou in Beauty like a Queen shalt shine:
And with thy Children in sweet consort sing,
Triumphant Hallelujahs to your King.

S I O N.

O Matchless Grace, and Love beyond degree!
Now I am certain there is none like Thee,
In Heav'n or Earth, were there ten thousand more,
For thou hast found a Salve for every Sore.

Tran.

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

81

Transported by thy Love, with joy I cry,
My Ravish'd Spirit must exalt the high
And mighty Lord, by whose unbounded grace,
My heart's enlarg'd to run the blessed Race;
Thou shalt conduct me to thy Living Springs -
From thence I'll mount up, as with Eagles Wings,
Unto the Heavenly Mounts of Faith's desire,
where I thy Grace and Glory will admire:
Thence I'll descend from those Abodes above,
To be embraced in the Arms of love.
I'll hold thee fast, and never let thee go,
For by thy loss, O what a Depth of Wo
Did I sustain! in what a dreadful case
Was I, when thou didst hide thy glorious face!
Thee having, though nought else, what have I now?
Without thee, though all else, what have I got?
Lord having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
Without thee nothing is of worth to me,
All things are vile -- when once compar'd to thee,
To be thy portion, Lord, thou didst me choose:
And thou my Portion art: I'll be content
So rich a Grace: thou art my Treasure,
Thou art a God of Love from all Eternity,
And therefore evermore I'll dwell with thee,
For thou alone, my hiding place shalt be,
In time of trouble and of fury great,
I will unto thy holy Name retreat;
Which is a sure defence to all that fly
With care and speed from their inquiry,

Thou

VVhen I was down, thou list'st me up on high;
 And I thy Name will therefore magnify.
 O Lord, with Patience I will undergo
 Their indignation, for I well do know
 I have provok't thy great and glorious Name;
 VVhich is the cause that I do suffer shame:
 Although at present I am low and mean,
 Poor and despis'd, and so long time have been;
 Thou canst all Sorrows to thy Sion bless,
 I therefore in thy pleasure acquiesce;
 I'll wait upon thee till thou dost arise
 To break in pieces all mine Enemies:
 My precious Cause then I do leave with thee,
 Which thou, O Lord, wilt surely plead for me;
 Thy Voice is to my ravish'd Soul so sweet,
 That I'm reviv'd, and set upon my feet:
 I'll speak thy Praise in Songs, because I see
 That Glory near, which thou hast promis'd me.
 And now thou bloody Whore, that art my Foe,
 My time's at hand, which thou shalt quickly know:
 My God has not forsaken me, for now
 He will advance me, and make thee to bow:
 Then shalt thou ~~be~~ (for shame) thy filthy head,
 Whilest I, in Triumph, shall upon thee tread;
 Because so long, thou hast upon me trod,
 And in Contempt hast said, *where is thy God?*
 He will therefore in Right *retaliate*,
 And bring just Vengeance on thy cursed Race.

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

BABYLON.

Poor Sion! thou art much mistaken?
I'm mounted high, thou art forsaken?
Sure thou art Frantick, when thou dost
Make such a vain and groundless boast:
The final Conquest must be mine,
And swift Destruction must be thine,
For all my Wounds I've got a Cure,
From all your Darts I am secure.
I am arriv'd at height of Bliss,
My Glory in its Zenith is.
I am a Queen, and shall remain
Supream on Earth, I only reign
In glitt'ring Grandeur over all.
Great Monarchs Me their Mistresses call:
How can I fall, when such a Prop
Supports, as my Lord God the POPE?
All Men on Earth, his Vassals are,
Who sits in Peter's holy Chair;
The Empire of the World he hath,
He keeps the Keys of Hell and Death;
Dost think he fears the little tricks
Of thy small brood of Hereticks?
He can make use (when he doth please),
Of Peter's Sword, as well as Keys.
His Canons roar, as loud as Guns,
To crush thy feeble Pigmy Sons.

Sion in Distress: 95

*Let his Bulls give an Alarm,
And make all Christendome to Arise
Themselves in my defence, and work
My Overthrow; didst thou not iurk
Some hundred Years, that none could see,
We know, what was become of thee?
He that could rend thy force asunder,
How still the Strength to keep thee under?
He will thee in subjection keep,
So that thou shalt not dare to peep
How I not armed with the power
Of all the Earth? I can devour
Your Interest as a single Misse,
I have six Cooks such Meals to dress;
To Imperial and the Regal Sword
Are brandish'd when I give the word:
Great Princes, Dukes and Nobles will
With all their force My Mind fulfil:
My Gentry who brave Heroes are,
Resolved be no pains to spare,
To their very Lives they'll freely spend
To bring my purpose to an end:
My Brisk Mounseurs, My Spanish Dogs
Will over-match thy silly Sons:
My Rogues in Grain, I ready have,
Obedient like a Turkey-Slave;
If bid to thrust their bloody Knives
In throats of Fathers, Children, Wives,
In any's but their own they'll do't,
And lay them sprawling at my Foot.*

The Ordans of the Protestant Church.

T'is Teagues and Tory's at my beck,
VVill wring their heads as Chickens Neck;
Try 'a Villains! that will never flure
From Mothers VVomb so tear the heart
Of Unborn Infants; shyt D'flours
Then rip hir up in half an hour:
Faint Rogues will dwell with quailins of fear
At Fathers Groans, or Mothers tears;
But mine are void of any sens,
Not plugg'd with dawling Conscience.
To some I give no constant pay,
Yet they can hunt and live by Prey.
Your Infants, that (like Catps) are fenn'd
In their own blood, their Chops have chew'd
The Fathers Cavils shall make a light
For those sweet Banquets of the Night
VVhile ere my greedy Stomack craves,
But Nod, 'tis done, by ready Slaves;
They know no scruples nor disguise,
But all just like a Turkish Muse.
B'fies all these, I could ascribe
Vast Mults of my Sacred Tribe;
My Cle: gy makes a narrow Host,
That wait in swarms in every Coast.
Yea, ev'n in all Rebellious Regions,
I have in secret Armed Legions;
A Great Grandee my Ensign carries,
The Jesuits are my Jagifaries.
Thou see'st what Troops do guard my Chair;
V'hat canst thou do then but Despair?

Thou seest me long'd in safe abode,
 Whilst thou'rt forsaken by thy God.
 Hee's doubtless pleas'd with my behaviour;
 For I alone have got his Favour.
 Th' Apocalyptick Prophecy
 Thou falsely do to me apply;
 For I from Sin am washed clean;
 Thou art the Whore, he there does mean:
 I am the Church, and therefore I,
 Thy Threats, thy GOD, and Thee, Desie.

S I O N:

L Eave off, leave off, thou Bloody minded Whore;
 Imagine not that thou shalt Evermore
 Thus Domineer in Pomp and saucy Pride,
 For God e're long, thy Rulers will divide.
 Those Mighty Ones, in whom is all thy Trust;
 Long shall not hold, but into pieces must
 Be surely broken: thou shalt quickly see
 The swift beginning of thy Misery:
 Those that did love thee most, will hate thee so,
 That they will seek thy utter Overthrow;
 As was their Love, their hatred then will be,
 And to destroy thee they will all agree.
 Thou hast enslav'd them to thy brutish Lust,
 Whilst they (like simple Fools) in no wise durst
 Offend or cross thy base and bloody mind;
 That they have been bewitcht, they then will find.

By

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

By thine *alluring Voice*, and *lustful Eye*,
To joyne with thee in black iniquity.
Thy *Flattery* shall then no more deceive;
Nor thy base *Whoredoms*, & *houlands* more bereave
Of inward peace, and outward riches, so
As they have been, to their eternal Wo:
Then shall they see thy *Villanous intent*,
In setting them against the *innocent*,
To Glut thy base *Adulterous Desire*,
Their sinful hearts were in a flaming Fire,
And through the instigation of the Devil,
Became partakers of this monstrous Evil.

But, what approaches? Hark! methinks I hear
Some *Dreadful Noise*! see how the *Mountains* tear
And *Mighty Hills* do into pieces fly;
Whilst *Lightning* flashes through the angry sky;
The *Stars* and *Planets* in Confusion hurPd,
Have banisht *Natures Order* from the world.
See how the melting *Orbs* of heaven swear, (heav'n)
Like *Parchment Parcht*, and shrivel'd up with
Loud & *hunnar-cracks* through the enraged Air,
With frightful *Aspects* *Meteors* do appear,
To usher in the Day of heav'n's dread ire
On those, who do against the *Saints* conspire
Gods (long incensed) Majesty is come
To judge the *Whore*, and pass her final Doom
Of Treason she is under an *Attainder*,
For which impartial Justice will arraign her;
Shee's seiz'd upon, and in the *Taylors* hands,
Who only waits for *Justices Commands*.

John

Sion in Distress: Or,

*Jehovah bids, that Babylon the great
Be forthwith brought before his Judgment seat.*

JUSTICE:

MOST Sovereign Lord, who is it dares gain say
What thou command'st? I must & will obey,
Lo here I bring the *Scarlet Strumpet* forth
Before thee who createdst Heav'n and Earth:
Thy *Judgement Seat* she seems to slight and scorn,
Says she's as *guiltless as the Child unborn.*

JEHOVAH.

HER Crimes lay open, and her Faults declare,
Turn up her Skirts and let her Faults appear;
Let th' Universe by her Indictment see
The Cause of my most just Severity.

JUSTICE.

DREAD Sov'reign of the World! I will proceed,
And will her black *Indictment* loudly read.
Come forth *great Whore!* & hear your dismal charge
Which shall by proofs be evidenc'd at large
By th' Name of *BABYLON*, thou'rt hither cited,
And by the Name of *Whore*, thou stand'st indicted.

Then

The Groans of the Protestant Church. 89

Thou void of *Grace*, and Gods most *Holy Fear*,
To *Satans Machinations* didst adhere;
With him to plot against thy Sov'reign Prince,
To whom thou ought'st to yield Prehem'nence.
In *Antient times* he was thine only *Spouse*,
(Our *Holy Law* no *Bigamy* allows)
Yet thou hast him perfidiously forsook,
And to thy self another *Hasband* took;
And with a graceless *Impudence* art led
By thy lewd *Train*, to an *Am'rous Bed*.
Thou hast dethron'd him and thy *Brazen face*
Sets up a monstrous *Traitor* in his place,
To whom thou hast *Blasphemous Titles* given,
Exalting him above the *God of Heaven*.
Thou hast not only play'd th' *Adulteress*,
But plain *Idolatry* thou dost profess;
Of *Treason, Murder, Theft*, (abhorred things)
Of burning *Cities*, *poysoning of Kings*,
Of undermining *States*, and furthermore,
Of spoiling *Trade*, and making *Kingdoms poor*,
Of horrid *Plots*, of *cauleless bloody Wars*,
And of contriving cruel *Massacres*,
Thou guilty art; thy bloody *Rage* has hurl'd
Millions of *Innocents* out of the *World*:
Prodigious Numbers have in *divers Lands*
Been *Sacrific'd* by thy blood-thirsty hands;
Infatiate Butcheries that know no end!
Thou stabd'st men, when thou *Pity* didst pretend:
In times of *Peace* thy horrid *rage* has shed
Blood without *Measure*, thou hast *murdered*.

G

Per

(*Perfidious Wretch!*) thy neare^r Neighbours when
 They thought them! lves the most secure of men,
 Thou hast made Currents of their guiltless blood
 To run like Waters of a mighty Flood;
 So void of Pity, your inhumane Rage
 D'stroy'd the Saints, and spar'd no Sex nor Age:
 Speak *Bloody Warfare*, hold up thy *Graceless Head*,
Guiltier Not? By Law thou art to Plead.

BABYLON.

LOOK down, *Bliss Virgin!* and bid Justice stay:
 Speak to thy Son to drive my Foes away:
 You Glorious Saints, who near St. Mary stand,
 In my distress, lend me your helping hand.
 All Angels, and Arch-Angels I invoke,
 To strengthen me, and to divert the stroke:
 These Hereticks will work my Overthrow;
 I am amaz'd, I know not what to do!

BELZEBUB.

(*pause;*)
 What needs my Darling thus to stand and
 Thou know'st the Custom of our *Romish*
 Though black as Hell, yet be not so forlorn; (*Laws,*
 Swear, that thou'rt guiltless, as the Child unborn.
 What Violence to Heretick you do,
 Is lawful, honest, and you. Duty too,

JUSTICE.

PLead *Vile Delinquent!* or thou shalt receive
The *Fatal Sentence* which I am to give.

BABYLON.

I Do affirm the Charge is false, and I
All Points of this Indictment do deny;
Produce your Proofs, I'll stand in just defence
Of my apparent, spotless Innocence.

JUSTICE!

THat like a Harlot, of thine own accord,
Thou hast forsaken thine Espoused Lord;
Will be made evident (to thy disgrace)
By clear probation in its proper place.
You say, that you your God can daily make,
Which is an Idol of a *Wafers-cake*.
If thou dost Shrines, and Images adore,
And prov'd to be th' *Apocalyptick Whore*;
If thou upon the *Scarlet Beast* doth sit,
And Lewdness with so many Kings commit;
It clearly follows from these Marks, that thou
Art a meer *Strumpet*, and hast broke thy Vow.

Ston in Distress: Or,
thou art by the *Papal Edicts* led,
Following Christ, and making *that* thy Head;
The consequence is clear, for thou must be
Gilty of *Whoredome* and *Idolatry*.
To examine thy notorious Deeds:
The great *Tribunal* out of hand proceeds:
And in the *Witnesses*---

Waldenses.

Albigenses.

Protestants of *Piedmont*.

Savoy, &c.

D Read Lord! we're here,
And with our just *Complaints* do now appear.
That bloody *whore*, the *Pris'ner* at the Bar,
Has follow'd us with a perpetual War,
Because we would not to her *Idols* bow,
Nor her curs'd *Edicts* and base pranks allow.
About the dismal year of *Fifty five*,
A dreadful *Massacre* she did contrive
Within the Territories of *Savoy*,
Where thirty thousand Souls she did destroy
In three dayes time, curs'd *Edicts* bid them turn
To *Papery*, or they must hang or burn.
Which when those *Innocents* refus'd to do,
Most horrid Execution did ensue; (beaten
Our Brethrens Brains out of their heads were
And by her lumps were fry'd and after eaten: Our

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Our Children rent to pieces, throw to Dogs,
And our dear Pastors flung (as Meat) to Hogs;
Others on Pikes into the Air were tost,
And many others they alive did roast;
Some ty'd with Ropes they pierc'd upon
And hung up others by their *Secret parts*.
Houses and Barnfulls they have burnt, so that
Our Sufferings are beyond an Estimate.

Bohemia.

Germany.

Poland.

Lithuania, &c.

TO satisfy this cruel *Strumpet Lust*.
Some thousands have been turned into
Our Towns and famous Cities of Renown
She hath dis-peopled, burnt or broken down:
The Ruins still appear, and desolations
In many places of our *spoiled Nations*.
Great Multitudes un-buried were our slain
Which in the Field unburied did remain:
Our Brethren they have hung upon a Beam
And then consum'd them in a lingering flame.
Some she has into boiling Cauldrons put,
And many others into pieces cut,
Without respect unto the *Honour Head*,
Into their Throats they pour'd down melted *Lead*.
And many other deaths she did contrive:
Some burned were, and others dead alive.

Sion in Distress: Or,

into deep Mines, three thousand Souls and more;
At several times were tumbled by this *Whore*;
Because they would not their Religion leave,
And unto *Romish Superstitions* cleave,
That worthy Man *John Huss*, was burn'd to death;
For owning of the *Apostolick Faith*;
From of *Prague* to fill her Measure up,
She made, soon after, drink of the same cup;
I were endless to enumerate our grief:
From thee, *just Judge*, we do expect Relief,

FRANCE.

AH! How shall I my inward grief disclose!
What *Tongue* is able to recount my woes!
Prodigious Numbers of my *Natives* have,
By this *Whores* means, found an untimely Grave!
The barb'rous *Harlot* would not be content,
To kill or drive them into Banishment;
But with unheard of Cruelties she must
Their Bodies mangle, to assuage her Lust;
Some hang'd in Water, yield their strangled breath;
Some brain'd on *Anvils*, some were starv'd to death;
Some hall'd with *Pullies*, till the top they meet
With heavy weights and loads upon their feet.
Rap'd Maidens us'd, poor Infants yet unborn,
From Mothers wombs by bloody hands were torn
How many thousand guiltless Christians were
Butcher'd in the *Parisian Massacre*?

Some

The Groans of the Protestant Church:

Some broke on *Crosses*, some were cut in twain,
Whilst others languish in a lingering pain,
Our worthy Kings have lost their Noble Lives
By *Jesuits Pyjons*, and by *Monkish Knives*.
I can produce an uncontroll'd Record
Of many Thousands Murder'd by the Sword!
It would require whole Volumes to transcribe
The bloody acts of this Infernal Tribe.
Deep dolour hinders what I would say more!
O glorious Judge! avenge me on this *Wretch*,

Italy,
Spain,
Portugal,
Low Countries, &c.

REnowned Judge! those witnesses that have
Their Griets presented & do *judgment* *crave*
Save us much labour, for we heretofore
Have felt the same, from this blood-thirsty Wretch:
Besides, being next her Seat, and near her power;
Her greedy Jaws our Brethren did devour
With cruel Spite, and without intermission;
We have been tortur'd with her Inquisition.
No Tongue can speak the unexampled terror
Of that curst Pattern of Infernal horror.
They count it mild, when they our Persons burn;
And wives and children into ash sturn;
They say they're *conscience* when our *shouts* they cut
Or when in *Dungeons* (vile as *Hell*) we're put.

Sion in Distress: Or,

They say they favour us, when they employ
Their Daggers, Pistols, Axes to destroy.
In lingring flames they did our Brethren roast,
On Halberts tops we saw our Infants tost:
All this we've suffer'd, and a thousand more,
And that by means of this Infernal Whore.

I R E L A N D.

Could deepest grief receive Additions, I
Would give Examples of her Cruelty.
I can her in more monstrous colours draw,
Than bloody *Nero*, or *Caligula*.
Those horrid Tortures which my Brethren say
She exercis'd on them, the same I may
Affirm I have suffer'd, by the instigation
Of this vile Strumpet, whose abomination
Stinks in the Nostrils of each civil Nation.
Her cursed Priests, when first they did begin
Our Massacre, proclaim'd it was a sin
Unpardonable, if they durst to give
Quarter, or our necessities relieve;
Some they stript naked, then they bid them go
Through Bogs & Mountains, in the Frost & Snow,
Men, Women, Children, then were butchered,
And all that spoke our Language punished;
The very Cattle, if of *English* breed, (feed.
They slitt and mangled, that they could not
With joy, that *Romish*, and rebellious Brood
I have wash'd their hands in Martyr'd *English* blood.
Thou

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

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Thousands of naked Protestants that fled,
From the *Barbarians* have been famished.
Their faithless Gentry, that pretended love,
Perswaded th' *English* that they would remove
Their Goods to them; Yet (once possession got)
They (like perfidious wretches) cut their Throat;
Numbers of naked Women they did drive
Into a Barn, and burnt them all alive.
Each Sex and Age, that could not from them fly,
Did by these Blood-hounds, without mercy die.
Once at the fatal Bridge of *Porsladow*,
A thousand Souls these *Miscreants* did drown;
A couple (with five Children) ~~that~~ they hung,
And in a Hole th' expiring bodies hung;
The youngest on the Mothers breast did stick;
Cries, *Mammy, Mammy*, yet is buried quick.
Some hack to pieces, travailing Women strip'd,
And half born Infants from their bellies zip'd!
Which (with their Mothers) hungry Dogs did
And Swine feed on them, as on common meat.
When some poor Souls in burning houses cry,
The Villains said, *How sweetly do they fry!*
When holy Scripture in the flames did cast,
They cry, *'Tis Hell-fire*, and a lovely blast;
That blessed Book, when some have trampled on,
They cry, *Plague on't that has the mischief done.*
They made poor *VVives*, their Husbands blood to
And trembling Youths, their aged Parents kill. (Still
They forc'd the Son to stab his Dearest Mother,
And then one Brother to destroy the other.

Some

Sin in Distress: Or,

Some they put fast in Stocks, then teach a Brat
To rip them, and make Candles of their Fat.
How many Virgins did they Ravish first? (thirst)
Then with their Hearts-blood quench their eager
Some they did bury just unto the head,
And left them on surrounding Grass to feed.
Stuck tail on Tenner-hooks, grave Matrons were,
And Virgins hang'd up in their Mothers hair.
Some, with their small Guts, forced were to run
About a Tree, until their Life was gone.
The Mouths of godly Ministers they cut
Unto their Ears, betwixt their Jaws they put
A monstrous Gag, then with a Romish scoff
They bid them *Preach*, *their mouths were large &*
In these furies drag'd, (that to their joy) (nough,
They did two hundred thousand Souls destroy.
We therefore pray, as others did before,
For a just Sentence on this bloody Whore.

SCOTLAND:

O Monstrous horror! Oh abhorred sink
O! Vileany! O bloody Throats that drink
The Blood of Innocents! which oft they quaff
As freely as a common Morning Draught!
Thousands of mine were butcher'd by this Whore,
In that poor Nation, that has spoke before:
The sufferings of my guiltless Natives, were
Equal with theirs in every little there.

Yet

The Groans of the Protestant Church!

99

Yet this blood-thirsty Curtezian of Rome,
Was not content, but tortur'd me at home (nished;
Some burnt, some hang'd, some scourg'd, some ba;
Some drown'd, and some in Dungeons murdered,
A sinking Grief forbids me to enlarge,
Or else with ease I'd aggravate her charge:
Since Gospel-light did in my Borders shine,
She thirsted to destroy both me and mine.
Her Imps all parts, like filthy Locusts fill,
And such as they cannot delude, they kill.
Her Wolves put on the habit of my Sheep;
And in their Folds destroy them as they sleep.
They have an art to work upon the weak.
That they Gods Order should in pieces break;
Under pretences of reformed Devotion,
They instigate the Rabble to Commotion;
That in those troubled Waters they may fish,
And bring about their long expected wish.
Their cursed Politicks have been employ'd,
To ruin those that they have so decay'd,
A thousand Forgeries they do invent,
To charge their Plots upon the innocent:
That (whilst they act the Rogues in Masquerade)
Poor guiltless Saints the Victims may be made.
Thus have I open'd something of my Grief,
And from the Judge expect a quick relief.

ENGLAND!

ENGLAND.

HAd I as many Tongues at my commands,
 As *Argus* Eyes, *Briareus* Hands;
 I scarce could in a Century express
 One half of my unspeakable distress!
 In every Age I had some Sons of Light,
 That would discover *Romes Egyptian* Night;
 Yet they no sooner on the Stage appear,
 But that her Setting Dogs, like Blood-hounds, were
 Upon the scent, and never left pursuit,
 Until to death they did them persecute,
 My Royal Edicts this bold VVhore has broke,
 And on my neck clapt her Tyranick yoke.
 Vast Treasures from my Natives were extorted,
 And to enrich her Exchequer transported.
 Prodigious Sums she yearly squeezed hence,
 For Pardons, Obits, Annales, Peter pence.
 And though each Land where she her triumphs led
 Whose swarms of Locusts, Priests and Friars were
 These (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*) (led,
 VVere faithful Slaves still to promote her work:
 Whilst to maintain these Drones, she swept away
 The Fat and VVealth of Nations for their prey.
 Such as would not be by her VVitch craft led
 VVere tortur'd, murder'd, burnt or Massacred,
 The Papal Beast could in a Frolick tell,
 I was his Fountain inexhaustible,

She planted Priests, and Ganimedes she rooted,
VVithin my bowels, which the Land polluted;
VVith such a pest of vile Debaucheries,
As Pagans, Turks, and Infidels outvies.
She crushes any that her Acts opposes;
My Kings she Poisons, Murders or Deposes.
Some she ceudes her Sov'raignty to own,
And does instruct them to betray the Crown.
Her lurking Snaps do menace me with storms,
Like E^ggs - Frogs in pestilential swarms.
She is to greedy nothing will suffice,
Unless I'm made a general Sacrifice.
Tis known to all the Earth, how many ways
She marty'd Protestants in *Marian* dayes.
Then was I made a dismal Field of Blood,
VVhich ran like currents of a swelling flood.
She fires the *Spaniard* in a great bravado.
For to invade me with his proud *Armado*.
The hellish *Powder Treason* she prepares,
At once to blow up Commons, Kings and Peers.
Her hellish Brands (without a spark of pity)
Consum'd to ashes my Imperial City.
Nought but my Ruine her can satiate,
My Justices she does assassinate.
For many years she has been carrying on
A damn'd intreague for my Destruction,
And all the wayes that Satan prompts her to
Contrive my fall, she's ready still to do.
Her spite and malice nothing will abate,
As still more deadly and inveterate.

Dread

Dread Providence shall ever have my thanks;
 That has discover'd her infernal pranks;
 Yet I am still in danger, and therefore
 Do beg just sentence on this bloody Whore;

The Evidence Summed up.

O Gulph of horror! O profound Abyss!
 Was ever mischief halt so black as this! (press,
 Thou monstrous Whore, what Language can ex-
 The boundless measure of thy wickedness.
 Throughout the Earth thou hast such mischief
 As is amazing to a humane thought. (wrought;
 It would compel a heart of stone to melt,
 VVhen it revolves what *Protestants* have felt;
 Thy bloody fury and infernal rage,
 Has persecuted them in every age.
 Thou mad'st the Magistrates their Enemies,
 And all the tortures which thou could'st devise,
 Thou didst inflict, as testimony shows, (Toes,
 Some thou didst hang by the Head, some by the
 Some Millions thou didst burn and broil on Coals,
 And others starve to death in stinking holes.
 Some thou didst cut to pieces very small,
 And Infants Brains didst dash against the wall.
 Upon their bodies thou didst tread like dung,
 Thou hadst no mercy upon old or young.
 By thy curs'd crew were Women ravished,
 Who then (like Butchers) knockt them on the head. Some

The Groans of the Protestant Church 109

Some had their Eyes and Tongues by thee pull'd
Some were made horrible, and torc'd about (out
To wander till in Woods and dismal Caves
They found their woful and untimely Graves.
What rocky heart but justly may admire
Thy rage, that made poor Children to set fire
To fatal piles in which their Parents dear
In cruel Flames consum'd to ashes were.
Thy wicked Agents have some Millions slain,
Who did endure the most inhumane pain,
Thy Bishops, Monks, and Fryers could devise:
Whose blood to me for speedy Vengeance cries!
The wayes thou took'st to run a Soul from error
Was unexampled flesh-amazing terror
Of horrid Racks whereon a Man must lie,
Tortur'd to death, and dying cannot die.
Accursed wretch, didst thou not give Commission
For to erect thy bloody Inquisition?
That loathsome Dungeon and most ghastly Cell,
A place of horror representing Hell,
Where nothing is so plentiful as tears,
Where Martyr'd Protestants can find no ears
To hear their cries and lamentable moans,
Nor hearts to pity their extorted groans;
Where Saints in Torments all their dayes must spend
Not knowing when their sufferings will have end,
Thousands by thee were in *Bohemia* slain,
Whose Carcasses unburied did remain.
Thou madest thy *Vassals* fall upon that Nation,
On no less penalty than their Damnation.

Didst

Didst thou not promise upon that condition
To give them full and absolute remission,
The vilest wretch that on the Earth has stood,
You fully pardon'd, if hee'd shed the blood
Of one *Bohemian*; O stupendous rage!
Not to be parallel'd in any age,
But by thy self, 'twas judg'd *De Alva's* Crime
That he destroy'd no more in six years time
Then eighteen thousand Souls; were they so few
In the account of this blood-thirsty crew!
But if the VVretch (*De Alva's*) bloody bill
Come short in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with torments; dreadful to rehearse,
The very mention cannot chafe but pierce
A Marble heart, make *Infiels* relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over little still,
His Predecessors did enlarge the Bill:
For from the time thy hellish *Inquisition*
Did from the Devil first receive Commission;
By cruel torments (which they still retain)
There were a hundred fifty thousand slain,
From that black Season when the hellish rage
Of *Jesuits* acted on th' *European* Stage.
In *England*, *France*, in *Italy* and *Spain*;
By thy accursed bloody hands were slain
Nine hundred thousand Souls, or thereabout;
(E're many years had run their circuits out)
Of poor *Americans* by cruel *Spain*
In fifty years were many Millions slain.

The

The poor *Waldenses* whose enlightened eye
Thy filthy Whoredoms quickly did espy.
Thou hast with raging Persecutions rent
And murder'd Parents with their innocent
And harmless Babes; thy more than barb'rous crew
Their cursed hands did in their blood imbrue;
At once were eighty Infants famished,
And many thousands basely Murthered.
When some have fled unto obscurest Caves,
Thy Villains made their hiding place their Graves:
What part of *Europe* now can make their boast,
And say they have not tasted (to their cost)
Of thy malignity? What shall I say
Of *Germany*, whose Mar:yr'd Spirits pray
For speedy Vengeance on thy cursed head?
That Sea of blood thou hast in *Ireland* shed,
Cries night and day for Justice; now I fix
My serious thoughts upon black sixty six,
Thou bloody Strumpet, how canst thou repair
The loss of *England's* great Imperial Chair,
How many rich men were to Beggars turn'd,
When that brave Isles Metropolis was burn'd
By thy accursed Imps, Fire-brands of Hell,
Incarnate Devils without parallel.
Brave Merchants of their great Estates bereft,
To day Rich Men, to morrow nothing left;
Their Wives and Children harbourlets became,
Their Substance all consumed in the flame.
But to conclude, I have not yet forgot
Thy Powder-Treason, nor thy Modern Plot:

The

H

Nor

Nor all thy dismal Villanies, that were
 Done in the *Marindolian* Massacre.
 Should I but recapitulate thy charge,
 And speak of all thy Rogueries at large
 'Twould fill vast Volumes; Often did I see
 The Lord of Life was Crucify'd by thee
 When his dear Members blood by thee was shed,
 Millions unnumber'd basely Murdered.
 Yet still thou hast the impudence to say
 That thou art innocent unto this day.
 Thou shameless Courtezan, didst thou not run
 With filthy Panders and renounc'd the Son
 Of Glory, this did thine Espousals break;
 Canst thou deny it, shameless Strumpet, speak.

BABYLON.

I Am the Mother Church, and hence deny
 That filthy Name I am Indicted by.
 The odious Epithets of *Scarlet Whore*,
 Is daily laid unjustly at my door.
 I am Christs Church, his Spouse, and only Love,
 His undefiled one and spotless Dove.
 Pray then forbear the Sentence. look about
 To find that Whore and Grand Delinquent out.
 Bold Hereticks, who never would adhere,
 To the true Faith and Apostolick Chair.
 Have born my just rebukes, some more, some less,
 As was their Pride, Rebellion, Wickedness.

JUDGE.

JUDGE.

THOU graceless Wretch, thou art bereft of shame
How durst thou thus deny thy proper Name.
Christ's Church, his Members never did annoy,
Nor persecute, and Millions thus destroy.
'Tis to no purpose for thee to dispute,
For all thy Forgeries I can confute.
I am thy Judge, and never will pass by
Thy horrid Acts, and bloody Villany.
The time's at hand when I'll fulfil my word,
And in just fury draw my glittering sword.
My frown shall make thy proud foundation quake;
And all the Pillars of thy House I'll shake.
Dost think because I did forbear so long,
That I'll revenge not my dear Childrens wrong.
What I resolve to do or will command,
No Pope nor Devil can the same withstand.
He that presum'd great Monarchs to depose,
Shall soon be tumbled down by some of those
Whom he so crusht; from Hell he did ascend;
And thither shall be flung down in the end.
H'll surely fall and never rise again;
The hope thou hast of him is therefore vain.
There's no recalling of the Sentence gone,
Thy Execution day approaches on;
Thy Pardon-Merchants then shall cry and howl,
And thy Destruction (in this sort) condole.

• Illustrious City thou wert great and fair,
 • Most brave and sumptuous ev'n beyond compare,
 • Alas ! how quickly are thy Judgements come,
 • Thy fall, thy ruine, and thy final Doom.
 • Our Trade is gone, our gainful Merchandize
 • Is lost, and no Man does regard our cries.
 • O sad Destruction ! we are all undone,
 • What shall we do, or whither shall we run ?
 • O that the Mountains and the Hills would cover
 • Us, till the Vengeance of the Lord be over !

TRUTH.

Most glorious Judge, since this bold Whore
 Her filthy lewdness, and Adult-ries. (denies)
 Let me but prove it and proclaim her shame,
 'Tis known that I a faithful Witness am.
 It has been Evidenc'd by vision clear
 That some strange Monster should on earth appear,
 Which by its perf & views did first amaze
 Sagacious mind: when they on it did gaze ;
 Which made mens Judgments to divide asunder
 To see an Object of unusual wonder :
 A VWoman ! City ! and a Scarlet VWhore !
 The like on Earth was never seen before.
 A VWoman in her pompous glory dress'd !
 And sitting on a Monstrous horned Beast,
 Who is decyph'rd by prodigious things,
 His very Horns (explain'd) are Crowned Kings.
 And

And then this mighty wonder to compleat,
She's placed in a seven hilled Seat;
She's still d a VVoman, and a VVhore, because
She once submitted to Enacted Laws,
As other VVomen do, when they do wed
A Husband, and enjoy a Marriag- Bed.
And who this VVoman is, shall now be known;
Her proper Title is (*Great Babylon* :)
VVho in great Pomp and Royal State doth ride,
Excelling haughty *Jezebel* in Pride :
VVho in our modern times hath boasting been,
That she rules all men as a mighty Queen,
Trampling on Kings and Crowned Potentates,
Commanding Kingdoms, Common-wealths, and
Requiring Subjects blindly to obey, *States,*
Pressing the Beast, and Horns to kill and slay
At such a rate, as that all Christendome
Like Butchers bloody Shambles are become.
If by this Mark she is not understood,
Neither by Garb, Beast, Actions, or by Blood;
To other wayes of proof I'll quickly come
And shew this Whore to be the Church of Rome;
The VVoman which th' Apostle *John* beheld
Array'd in Purple, and in Pomp upheld
By that Blasphemous, Scarlet colour'd Beast
That was with Gold and Stones of value drest;
Holding a Cup full of Abominations,
And black pollutions of her Fornications;
That with great Kings Adultery commits,
And on a Sev'n hill'd Habitation sits,

The holy Angel of the Lord explains * *Re. 17. 18*
 That 'tis that City which so proudly Reigns
 Over the Kings of th'Earth; but all these Notes,
 And what besides the blessed Spirit quotes,
 With *Papal Rome* exactly do agree,
 She therefore must this bloody Strumpet be.
 If all the Marks that of this VVhore are given
 VVill not meet any where so plain and even
 As on the Church and People I did name,
 Then certainly she is the very same;
 First, then 'tis evident that there is none
 May be so fitly stiled *Babylon*.
 VVas *Babylon* a People of Renown
 To that same height the Church of *Rome* is grown?
 Had *Babylon* a great and peerless King?
 This Church can shew an Image of that thing:
 Did *Babylon* poor *Israel* invade?
 This Church on *Sion* the same invades made.
 Did *Babylon* make *Salem* desolate?
 This hath brought *Sion* near to that estate.
 Did *Babylon* make Prophets drink their Tears;
 Shake Kingdoms, and fill Peoples hearts with fears?
 This Church hath done so; yea, and far out done
 Her Arch-type, and so beyond her run.
 Did *Babylon* the Prophets bear away
 Into Captivity, and make a prey
 Of all the treasure that her hand could find?
 This *Papal* Church is not a whit behind.
 On th'ablest guides she laid her hellish hands;
 Confining them to Prison under Bands;

As if 'twere not enough for her to do,
She seiz'd their persons, and their substance too.
Did *Babylon* Gods VVorship over throw,
Set up an Id. l. and command to bow? (more,
This Church hath done the same, yea, and much
Fill'd heaped Measure, and much running o're.
'Twas she that took the VVord of God away,
And by a string of Beads taught Men to pray.
She rob'd the Laity of the blessed Cup,
And spoil'd the Feast where Children come to Sup;
At the Lords Table where they us'd to mind
The blessed things the r Saviour left behind:
She did set up her Superstitious Mass,
As rank an Idol as yet ever was,
Commanding adoration to be given
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven;
Imposing Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions,
Pretended Miracles, appar. nt Lies,
Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies;
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her Dictates are infallible.
Did *Babylon* the burning work begin?
Make a hot Furnace? Thrust Gods Worthies in?
This Church herein hath driven such a Trade,
That thousands, broiling Martyrs she hath made.
She sets the Pope above the holy one,
The great *Jehovah* and his blessed Son.
Tis she declares him Universal Head,
Tis she forbids the *Bible* to be read.

'Tis she that first did from the Faith depart,
 'Tis she that wounded *Sion* to the heart:
 'Tis she hath been the occasion of all evil,
 'Tis she advanc'd the Doctrine of the Devil.
 'Tis she that taught her Sons to Swear and Lie;
 To vouch great Falshoods, and plain Truths deny:
 'Tis she that did forbid the Marriage Bed,
 Whilst her vile Cergy such ill lives have led.
 Was it not she that Canon did create,
 Commanding plainly to abstain from Meat,
 Which God gave licence unto all to eat.
 If from this charge she can her self defend,
 Then may she make the Judge and Law her friend;
 Or if she can produce another tribe,
 To whom we may this Character ascribe;
 With greater clearness than we do to her,
 We will consent her Sentence to defer.

JUDGE.

Rome, since thou canst not make a fair defence,
 And shew to all the World thine innocence,
 'Tis very evident that all these things,
 Have been fulfill'd on Kingdoms and their Kings
 And now if there no other People be,
 That did the like, then thou alone art she.
 Let thy denials trouble men no more,
 Thou only art the bloody Scarlet Whore.
 Therefore in Justice I at length am come,
 (Being long provok't) to pals thy final doom.

The

THE SENTENCE.

ROME, Thou hast been Indicted by the Name of Mystery, Babylon, Mother of Harlots, Scarlet coloured Whore, and False Church, or pretended Spouse of Jesus Christ. And found guilty of all these horrid and prodigious Crimes, following:

Thou didst first fall from the Holy Religion of God and his Son, which were established and professed in the Apostles time. Thou didst set up the vile Monster the POPE, the Man of Sin, that foul Blasphemous Beast. Thou didst most sacrilegiously give those Attributes and Titles to him, that belong to Jehovah and the Great Emanuel. Thou made his Decrees in Wicked Counsels, above the Laws of God, (the Universal Sovereign) Thou hast made void the Laws and Constitutions of the Gospel, forming whole Nations into Churches, though the greatest part do shew themselves the worst of Men. Thou hast made Nurseries of Priests and vile Men, and impowred them to take Confessions for Money, and forgive sins. Thou hast hypocritically abused all sorts of People, by perswading them that thou hast power to heal their Souls here, and help them hereafter, by which cursed frauds thou hast drawn a great part of the Riches of Europe into thine unhallowed hands. Thou hast laid Close Siege to the Courts of Princes, and drawn them into the highest strains of Wickedness.

nise, to commit Fornication, promote Idolatry, and take away the lives of Innocents. Thou hast lye in wait (where they would not fulfil thy bloody and barbarous Lusts) to contrive Treasons, Sedition and Rebellion against them, to Depose and Murder them by Excommunications, Poysons and Powder-plots. Thou hast corrupted all Countries and Kingdoms (where thy power extended) by such down right and abominable Idolatrys, that Heathens themselves were never guilty of worse: Thou hast not only countenanced Stews and Brothel-Houses, where abominable Sodomy and Adulteries are practised, but even thy very Nunneries are become Habitations of Whoredome and Filthiness, the bottoms of whose Moats and Ponds, have shewed the Murders of new born Babies. Thou hast killed the best Men; thou hast not spared delicate Women, and sucking Children: Thou hast made away many Millions both of Christians and poor Heathens. And after so hellish a sort, that the best learned Heart and Tongues want Rhetorick to set it forth; thou hast cut them to pieces in cool Blood, thou hast chained to Stakes and burnt them. Thou hast ripped up Women with Child, and Ravisht Women and Maids..... and then hast barbarously slain them --- Thou hast been guilty of burying alive, Roasting upon Spits, scalding with burning Oyl and boiling Lead..... Blowing their Heads in pieces with Gun powder; thou hast made Women Widows, Children Fatherless; Houses and Villages, Towns and Cities without Inhabitants. Thou hast

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destroyed by Fire and Sword and all manner of Hostilities and Outrages. Thou hast semented wars betwixt Kingdoms and Nations. Thou hast done thy endeavour to make all men slaves, but thy own accursed tribe of Cardinals, Arch-Bishops, Bishops, &c. Thou hast Murder'd multitudes of Souls, as well as destroy'd multitudes of bodys. In short, thou hast filled the Earth with Corruption, and loaded it with Oppression, and standest in the way of its promised Deliverance and Restitution. And for all this Apostacy, Oppressions, Adulteries, Fornications, Rebellions, Treasons and Blaspheemies, with the guilt of a mighty Mass of Innocent blood, which hath been proved against thee, and from which thou canst not defend thy self; and for which, both by the Law of God, Nature and Nations, thou oughtest to suffer, thy Sentence therefore is----

Thou shalt continue in safe Custody till the 1260 Years be expired, (which is now very near) and then thou shalt be taken from off the Beast, where thou art imperiously mounted, thy Golden Cup (with which thou hast deceived the Nations) shall be taken out of thy hand, and by the Hand of God, the Horns of the Nations, and Swords of good Men, thou shalt have these Judgements come upon thee in one day, Death, Mourning and Famine, and thou shalt be utterly burnt with Fire, like a Woman that hath broken Wedlock, and slain her Sovereign; At which all the Host of Saints and Angels, shall say Amen: *Hallelujah.*

The



The Authors Request.

I

SOME things, Great God, my Soul doth long to
have,

Before these transient dayes of mine be o'er;

Which things in deep humility I crave,

Before I go from hence, and be no more.

Till my Requests I can of thee obtain,

I shall be fill'd with sorrow, grief, and pain:

II.

Alas my Grievs are now increased double!

O that thou would'st be pleas'd to hear O Lord!

Then should my Soul be freed from inward trouble

If what I humbly ask thou would'st afford

Until thy Grace allows me my Request,

I cannot cease, nor give thee any rest.

III.

'Tis not for fading Riches of this World,

Nor empty Honour, that to thee I cry;

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67

Such with a puff are oft to nothing hurl'd;
They get them wings, and from possessors fly:
All sublunary things uncertain be;
I ask them not, some better things I see.

IV.

'Tis not for Pleasures that are transitory,
Which fill vain Fancie with a foolish Joy;
But for some Glimpses of Diviner Glory,
Which my transported Soul longs to enjoy.
Can Riches, Honours, fading Pleasures give
The things I want, whilst on the Earth I live?

V.

The things that I am longing to receive,
Most precious are: O let me humbly urge,
That thou thy presence unto me wouldst give,
My heart from sin that thou wouldst also purge.
These are the things my never ceasing Cry
Petitions for: Lord grant them e'er I die.

VI.

thy presence does more console my heart,
Than sweetest Honey, or the Honey-comb:
I will (with Mary) chuse the better part:
'Tis Sin my Soul would be e'eriver'd from:
Then thy Name in Songs will magnifie,
And happy be, when e'er I come to die.

714

VII.

Let thy good Spirit be my blessed Guide;
 And in thy House let me for ever dwell;
 From Gospel-Truths O let me never slide,
 Nor find my Conscience like another Hell;
 And / thy Name for ever more shall praise
 And happy be when / shall end my days.

VIII.

Lord whatsoever my Estate is here,
 With sweet Submission let me be content;
 When /'m most troubled, then be thou most near;
 And never from me thy dear Self absent:
 This will my prostrate Spirit highly raise,
 And if / suffer, to thy Name be praise.

IX.

Teach me, / pray thee, that Celestial Skill,
 My dayes to number, as thy Saints have done;
 Let me still yield unto thy blessed Will,
 And wait upon thee till my Glass be run:
 So shall my raptur'd tongue thy praise proclaim
 And sing *Hosanna's* to thy glorious Name.

X

O regulate my tongue, and make me see,
 How few my days are, & how short their length,
 Let all my trust be still repos'd in thee;
 Relax thy scourge, or add unto my strength:

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Be thou my way, my strength, my light, ~~that~~ I
May learn to live, and in thy favour die.

XI.

When hungry, let thy *Manna* be my meat;
When circled in the dark, enlighten me;
When am weary, O! be thou my Seat:
And when imprison'd do thou set me free:
So filld, enlightned, after sweet repose;
Enlarg'd from Bonds, I will thy praise disclose.

XII.

In time of wrath, when fury waxes great;
Be thou my Bulwark and securest Tower:
To thy transcending Name let me retreat,
And be e ended by thy mighty Power.
Secure me till thy Vengeance is past over;
That / thy praises may to all discover.

XIII.

Let me with patience run that blessed Race;
And from my weights, which very sore have bin;
Be now set free, that with a swifter pace
I may the prize of lasting Glory win.
Be thou my Guide, do thou direct my path,
Lord give me patience, and with patience Faith.

XIV.

Thy Children are as (many) Members joynd
Which make one body, whose blest Head thou art,

Sion in Distress: Or,
- cause them with an undivided mind
And perfect Union, to have all one heart:
Then shall I hope to see a blest increase
Of *Sion's* Glory, and of *Israel's* Peace:

XV.

Thy Children have in many things provok'd
Thee, but in Mercy pass Offences by.
By Grace, O Lord, let Judgement be revok'd
That they may live thy Name to magnifie;
And / thy goodness will proclaim to all,
And warning take, lest / my self do fall.

XVI.

Remember *Sion* in her aking grief,
She mourns, she weeps, and is in inward pain,
Do thou in mercy, send her such relief
That she (with cause) may never more complain;
Then (not till then) my sorrows will be over,
And / thy goodness will to all discover.

XVII.

O let thy Gospel through the Earth be spread
Rom's black design, O let thy Grace prevent!
Permit not them to grow into a Head,
As they have purpos'd, with a full intent.
Then shall I (quicken'd by a holy Flame)
Ascribe the Glory to thy blessed Name.

XVIII.

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XVIII.

I pray thee scatter our enraged Foes;
And baffle all who proudly have combin'd
Against thine Heritage, do thou expose
Them to be tost as Chaff before the Wind;
Preserve thy Flock from bloody *Babel's* hand;
Establish Truth and Quiet in the Land.

XIX.

O God whose dreadful Judgements are severe;
And whose great Mercy's full of sweet compassion;
Destroy thy Churches Foes both far and near,
And grant to me the joy of thy Salvation;
Then will I spend the remnant of my dayes.
In Psalms of thanks to thee, and Hymns of praise.

XX.

Make hast to judge the Persecuting *Whore*;
Thy righteous Judgements quickly execute;
Let her so fall that she may rise no more.
O Lord be pleas'd to grant my earnest suit;
That I may see her fall before I die.
That thy Name may therefore magnifie.

XXI.

O Lord, establish thine own interest;
And set thy Son upon his blessed Throne;
Destroy the Kingdom of the Scarlet Beast,
Let Christ his Foes to conquer now go on;

XVII.

In

I

That

Sion in Distress: Or,
at on the top of *Sion* I may sing
Aloud, *Hosanna* to the Highest King.

XXII.

What thou, O Lord, hast to thy *Sion* told
Of Blessings that thou hast for her in store;
Them once fulfill'd, O let mine eyes behold,
And then let me go hence and be no more
In this disturbing World, but let me be
Translated to a blest Eternity.

XXIII.

In all the course of my short Pilgrimage,
Be thou my Load star, let my heedful Eye
Be fixt on thee, that when I leave the Stage,
I may be fitt ed and prepar'd to die;
That when this transitory life is o'er,
With Angels I may sing for evermore.

XXIV.

Whate're of any Suit thou dost deny,
Grant me true Faith, that I may still believe
That through Christs Ransom, when I come to die
A Glorious Crowd from thee I shall receive,
O Lord of Hosts, vouchsafe me my request,
Let me enjoy but thee, and I will rest;
For having thee, all precious things I have,
And in the World there's nothing else I crave.

The Grooves of the Protestant Church.



*An Alarm to the Wise and
Foolish Virgins.*

All you that fear the Lord give ear
I.

ALL you that fear the Lord give ear
to what I do indite,
There is a cry, the Bridegroom's nigh,
'tis near the midst of Night.

II.

Rouse up, awake, your Lamps to take,
and longer do not slumber;
You must them trim, to tend on him
into the Wedding Chamber.

III.

You Virgins all, to you I call,
what Oil have you in store?
If you have none, you are undone,
then look to it therefore.

IV.

Watch then alway, Our Lord doth say,
none know the day nor hour
Watch carefully, for you are nigh
the day of his great Power.

I 2

Sion in Distress, Ode

V.

With speed arise, lift up your Eyes;
The Day-Star doth appear,
Rise from your Bed, raise up your Head;
Redemption's very near.

VI.

Such as are wise, their time do prize,
preparing for their Lord,
To them he will, his VVord fulfil
and his sweet smiles afford.

VII.

But Fools do hast, their time to waste
In sleep and slothfulness;
Yet such pre-sume, they shall assume
his Glory ne'r the less.

VIII.

But they indeed on fancys seed,
Will come to such an Ebb,
That they shall see, their hopes will be
like to the Spiders VVeb,

IX.

They still do keep themselves asleep,
and know not where they be,
Were they awake, how would they quake
their woful State to see?

The Groans of the Protestant Church.

X:

You who remain so very vain,
an' in a formal state,
And all the while have got no Oil;
you'll mourn when 'tis too late.

XI.

You who profess, and not possess
the Truth in Life and Power;
Your state is bad, and will be sad
before this day be o'er.

XII.

You have the Shell, but ~~no~~ Kernel,
the Chaff but not the Wheat
The Husks you take, and do forsake
your Souls most precious Meat.

XIII.

'Tis the last Day, O! therefore pray,
and faithful now abide
Unto the Lord with one accord,
and be on the Lambs side.

XIV.

Still have a care, and do not dare
In *Babel* to remain;
For if you do, then must you know,
with her you shall be slain.

X.

XV.

quake

Sin is Distress: Or,

XV.

ae, hast away without delay;
With all speed and endeavour,
er end is come, her fatal Doom;
Therefore your Souls deliver.

XVI.

can now do hear, her Ruin's near;
Your Sins therefore for sake,
and you'll prevent the punishment
which she must partake.

XVII.

her Pleasures and rich Treasures
hate as monstrous evil,
his Word doth shew, who love them do,
shall go unto the Devil.

XVIII.

I must remove, your dearest Love
from Earth, and things thereof;
this hath bin a crying Sin,
now cast it therefore off.

XIX.

On things above, set all your love,
Affections and desire;
these things below, God will o'erthrow
with his consuming Fire.

XX.

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The Groans of the Protestant Church.

XX.

Alas poor Souls! be not such fools
to labour for the Wind,
The Wealth you heape, you shall not keep,
as you e're long will find.

XXI.

You must not rest on Self-Interest,
but wholly for the Lord,
He'll else at last you surely blast,
according to his Word.

XXII.

There are some Men, cry loud, *when, when,*
Willst thou in Glory come?
But few repent, or do relent,
and pray for his Kingdom.

XXIII.

But such shall see, with them 'twill be
as when one 'scapes a Bear,
Which being gone, Lyons come on,
which do in pieces tear.

XXV.

Subdue your Sin; for it hath been
your greatest Enemy:
If that does reign, you strive in vain,
you must it Crucifie.

and, there, none shall stand *shall stand*
happy be indeed,
only those whom God hath chose,
who on Christ his feed.

XXVI:

Therefore cry continually
for Christ and precious Grace
that ye may be blest, you all may rest
on have run your race.

XXVII.

Bridegroom when he doth come,
all such entertain,
shall then be happy Men,
with him ever Reign.

XXVIII.

see you high in Majesty,
honour shall excel;
I'll end, who am your Friend
and bid you all farewell.

IN IS.

and power down his right
from Heaven. All
Sighs are Tokens
are Prefiges of gra
As the Rainbo
Sign) is a token of D
are prodigious Sigh
Anger.

Lucan

Idor. 1. 3. 1911.

Full Sights are many times
 great things which make
 us upon the World. They are often
 great Sights in a more spec-
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 of worthy Men. Is
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 Roman Emperor) in the Scripture
 (Jeremiah) by the of a
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and power down his right
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sufferings. As the Rainbow
Sign) is a token of D
) are prodigious Sighs
Anger.